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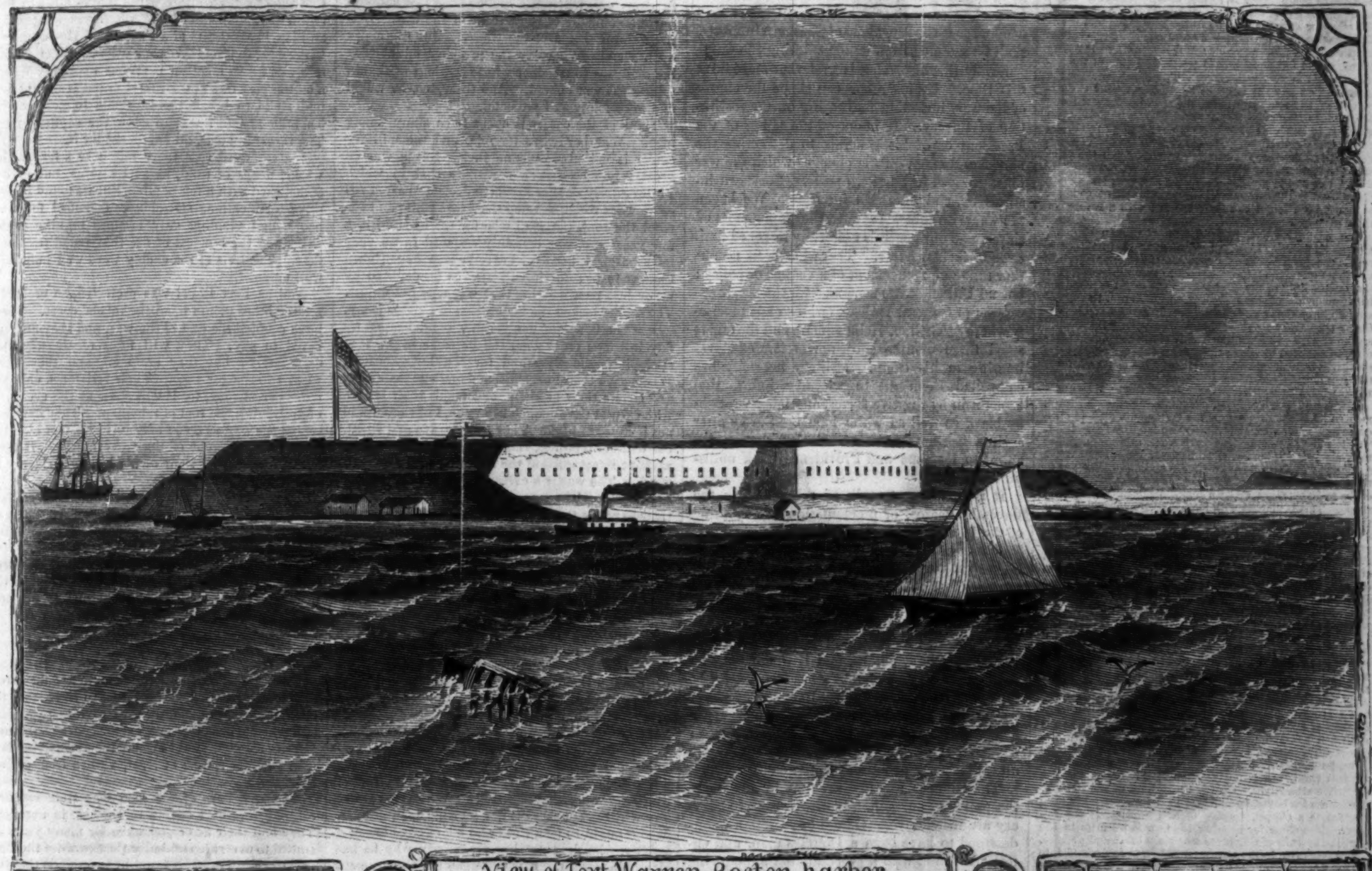


View of Fort Warren Boston harbor.

Interior of the Fort.

FORT WARREN, BOSTON.

WE devote the preceding page to illustrations of FORT WARREN in Boston harbor, the state prison where Mason, Slidell, and other rebels are now confined. The following description is from the Boston *Journal:*

George's Island, upon which Fort Warren is located, is situated about two miles west of Boston Light, fronting the main entrance to the harbor. It contains about forty-five acres, and is protected by a sea wall extending half way round the island on the most exposed part. The construction of the fort was commenced in 1833, under the direction of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, of the United States Corps of Engineers. The work was continued until 1858, when operations were suspended by the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriations. The fort is constructed of granite obtained principally from Quincy and Cape Ann. The sum of $1,050,000 has been expended by the Government upon the work, and it is regarded as the best built and cheapest work of its size in the United States. The sum of $75,000 is required to complete the fort, and about $300,000 to properly arm it. It is rated the most formidable work of defense in the United States, the intended armament being 320 guns, while Forts Monroe and Adams mount respectively about 290 guns. When fully garrisoned the fort will require a force of between five and seven thousand men.

The general plan of the fortification is a figure of five sides or fronts, with bastions, curtains, flanks, and faces. The top of the parapet is 70 feet above low-water mark, while the height of the parade wall is 25 feet, and that of the scarp or exterior wall 30 feet. The main fort is entirely surrounded by a ditch 30 feet wide. The average length of each front is about 620 feet, making the entire circuit of the fortification 3136 feet. The area of the parade ground is nearly ten acres. The space between the inner and outer walls is about 50 feet, and with the exception of the southerly front, the fort is truncated and divided into casemates or quarters. The terre-plein, upon which is to be planted the barbette guns, is 27 feet wide, and extends entirely around the top of the fort. The pintles and traverse stones, or circles upon which the guns are to be worked, have been set on the most commanding fronts, but at the present time only one gun, and that a Columbiad, in the casemates, is mounted. Measures have, however, been taken to supply the fort with a battery of rifled cannon.

The easterly front, commanding the main channel, mounts 35 barbette guns, and beneath them, in the casemates, provision is made for mounting 30 Columbiads, and five flank guns, the latter designed to throw grape-shot for the defense only of the ditches. In the event of attempts being made to scale the ramparts, the ladders of the assailants could be shot away as fast as raised. All vessels entering the harbor are obliged to pass between "Bug Light" and the fort, and within half a mile of this formidable battery, in addition to which there is an outwork against the southerly front, commanding not only the south channel, but ranging in the main entrance, upon which can be mounted two batteries of seventeen and thirty-one guns.

The northeasterly front, commanding the Narrows, mounts 32 barbette guns on the terre-plein, and 47 on a cover-face, which extends the entire length of the front. The battery on the northwesterly front, also commanding the Narrows, will consist of 35 barbette guns, and several flank guns for defending the ditches and main entrance to the port. In advance of this front is an outwork in front of the main entrance, called a demi-lune or lunette from its shape. This is pierced with loop-holes, and provided with fire-places, and is intended to be used either as a prison or for the defense of the field or plain outside. The main guard-house is at the entrance of the ditch, on the left flank of this front. It consists of two square rooms, built of solid masonry, under the embankment, and well warmed and lighted. The westerly front, facing Nantasket Roads, has no provision for a battery, it being a solid embankment, with ramps for drawing ordnance from the parade to the terre-plein.

The quarters of the officers of the garrison are located in the casemates of the northwesterly front, which is pierced by the main entrance. There are eight sets of apartments, four of which, in the curtain, are finished, with marble mantles and fire-places, and plastered and painted in a style equal to first-class dwellings. Each set of quarters has a cistern of about twenty hogsheads' capacity. The balance of apartments are in different stages, just as the workmen left them, some being rough masonry, while others are plastered, but not finished. An extensive bake oven, for supplying the garrison with bread, was designed for this front, but is not yet completed. Here, too, are extensive storerooms. On the right flank of the westerly front is an ice house, and a space in the casemate has been allotted to a chapel, capable of accommodating 400 soldiers. The stone for flagging the floor is piled up in the chapel, the walls of which are now plain brick and granite.

The casemate in the northeasterly front is divided into ten spacious apartments for barracks for troops, each 50 by 17 feet, and provided with two fire-places, well lighted and ventilated. In the centre of this face is a postern which, in time of assault, is designed to be connected with the cover face by a draw-bridge, over which the troops, if repulsed, may retreat within the fort and close the heavy postern gates. There are apartments in the rear of each casemate in the sea front which, if necessary, may be used for barracks. There are three circular staircases and four straight flights of stone stairs leading from the parade-ground to the terre-plein. Magazines are located in the extreme end of each face and curtain, in the rear of the guns.

There are two wells of excellent water in the fort, which have never failed. The landing on the west side of the fort has a granite front of three hundred feet. Some attempt has been made to ornament the grounds surrounding the fort by planting from 800 to 1000 shade trees. They are, however, quite young, and as yet do not afford much shade.

☞ EUROPEAN Dealers will be supplied with HARPER'S WEEKLY by *John Adams Knight*, Publisher of the *London American*, 100 Fleet St., London, England, where Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received, and single copies of HARPER'S MONTHLY and WEEKLY furnished.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

THE REBELS IN FLIGHT.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his fellow-rebels have fled from Richmond to Nashville. At the time Bull Run was fought we were told that Richmond was impregnable. It seems now that it is not quite safe enough; and as M'Clellan obstinately refuses to go into winter-quarters, the king of the rebels has taken flight with all his court. This is the second "flitting" of the "Confederate Government" since the war began. It will not probably be the last.

Nashville, we take it, is at least as accessible to our forces as Richmond. It possesses some remarkable advantages in regard to mountain defenses, but hardly more than the capital of Virginia. It is accessible on two sides, from Kentucky on the north, where Buel must have 40,000 men on the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, and from Memphis on the west, where we hope that Halleck and Foote will soon make a call with 80,000 or 100,000, and some big guns. It is a good deal further from the seaboard cities on the Atlantic than Richmond, which will be a comforting reflection for the Georgians and Carolinians, who will have to go there to protect Jeff Davis's Court while our naval expeditions are rapping at the doors of their homes.

It is not necessary, in order to end this war, that we should seize the rebel capital. In the course of a few weeks it is hoped that we shall hold every good sea-port on the Atlantic, and the line of the Mississippi from Cairo to the delta. This achieved, we can wait. Thus encircled, it is a mere question of weeks how long the insurrection can endure atrophy.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

SEVERAL of the newspapers are worrying themselves about the slavery question, some of them insisting that our generals shall forthwith proceed to emancipate the slaves, while others demand that slavery, alone of Southern interests, shall be shielded from damage during the war.

Surely this discussion is irrelevant and idle at this time. Events alone can shape the course of the war, including its bearing on the institution of slavery. It is out of the power of the President or of his generals to determine the nature and extent of the changes which the war must produce in Southern society, Southern institutions, and Southern interests. We began the war with protests against the employment of slaves, and our generals uniformly returned fugitives to their masters. There has been no authoritative announcement of a change of policy; but no United States general, with the single exception of General Halleck (who stands precisely where M'Clellan, Heintzelman, and the others stood three months ago), now tolerates slave-hunting in his camp. Military necessity has compelled them all to welcome information brought in by fugitive slaves, and labor wrought by black as well as white hands. Surely after such a beginning the enemies of slavery can afford to let time and Providence work undisturbedly.

It is nonsense to talk of emancipating the slaves by decree, or proclamation of any thing of the kind. You must first catch your hare. The bulk of the Southern people thoroughly believe that our Government and our army are abolitionists. A decree of emancipation would not surprise them or add to their dangers. They are acting as though it had been already promulgated. They would laugh at a paper decree of emancipation, and it would have no more effect than Frémont's *Brutum fulmen*, or the paper blockades of old. In effect, wherever our armies penetrate emancipation becomes a fact, from the military necessities of the case; where rebel bayonets rule slavery thrives despite all we may say or publish to the contrary.

The changes already wrought by events in the policy of our generals with regard to Slavery are instructive. General M'Clellan is understood to have been a Douglas man, and entered Virginia with a proclamation announcing his tender regard for the peculiar institution. He has since discovered that the most reliable information he can get comes from fugitives slaves, and slave-hunters don't succeed, about these times, in finding him at home. General Heintzelman, before Bull Run, was a stout defender of slavery; but when he was placed in command of the most exposed division of the army on Accotink Creek, facing Beauregard, a proper concern for his division produced a wonderful change in his views. Slaves are received with open arms at his camp, and their information has proved most useful. General Heintzelman is wise enough to know that a slave may bring him news which may save the whole army. Virginian slave-owners complain bitterly of his growing tendency toward abolitionism. General Halleck is destined to go through the same improving education. When he finds himself on the march, within ten miles of the enemy, and it is a matter of life and death for him to know the enemy's force and intentions, he will reconsider the order which now excludes fugitive slaves from his camp for fear they should run back into slavery. Necessity is a most successful schoolmaster.

☞ MR. DU CHAILLU AND HIS GORILLAS still occupy the attention of the English literary and scientific journals, though Darwin, Murchison, Burton, Gray, and Malone no longer participate in the fight. Retributive justice seems to have overtaken Mr. Du Chaillu's most bitter opponent, Dr. Gray—the British Museum having signified its appreciation of the value of Mr. Du Chaillu's contributions to Natural History by purchasing the subjects of the controversy—the famous, or infamous, gorillas—and placing them in the charge of Dr. Gray, who is curator of the Natural History department.

It seems too bad, however, that after Mr. Du Chaillu has so triumphantly vindicated the truth of his statements, and gained fresh Transatlantic laurels for American authorship by completely silencing his adversaries' batteries, he should be assailed by one of his own countrymen. An American correspondent informs the London *Critic* that Mr. Du Chaillu "is not the author of the volume of African Explorations, but it is the work of a New York literary rowdy, named NORDHOFF, commonly known as *the Baron;*" and this information is commended to the serious attention of Dr. Gray and the London *Morning Advertiser*. The statement was immediately pronounced, by a correspondent of the London *Morning Star*, not only an unmitigated falsehood in regard to Mr. Du Chaillu, but also a despicable slander against one of our most able and esteemed New York journalists, Mr. NORDHOFF—to whom, as a contemporary says, the term rowdy is about as applicable as to Mr. Bryant or Mr. Greeley. The English journalists, with their present rancorous disposition toward every thing American, will gladly avail themselves of the toadyism of this scurrilous American correspondent. A Mr. OSGOOD (of the house of TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston) is said to be the correspondent of the London *Critic*.

THE LOUNGER.

A NEW CAREER.

DOUBTLESS, in the reports of the Thanksgiving Sermons you will see a great many just and eloquent statements of the lessons of the war. It is the natural theme of the times. But especially upon Thanksgiving-day the preacher might turn his audience to consider what occasions of thankfulness the war offered. And these, too, he would find to be many and profound.

Think of the career it opens to so many young men. War is always terrible, and the military career is not always ennobling. But a war of great principles—such a war as that in which Philip Sidney or that in which Joseph Warren fell—are wars which develop the finest traits and expand the soul. A man who fought in Mexico, a few years ago, was certainly engaged in no very lofty business, however brave he may have shown himself to be; for it will always be doubted by many just men whether that war was not unjust. The soldier lacked the inspiration of a noble cause.

But the flower of our youth who are ranged today in battle order from the Potomac to the Mississippi consciously stand for the holiest cause. Wives give their husbands, and mothers their sons, and sisters their brothers, and maids their lovers, with earnest devotion. They weep, but they would not hold them back. They grow grave and silent, but without repining, and with a solemn sense—not without sweetness—of the depth and true purpose of life. The war is a career for the women as well as the men. The busy clicking of the needles in their hands is the symbol of the beating of hearts within. They are weaned from trivial thoughts. They share the work of the redemption of their Government and the salvation of the nation.

And the young men, bred in elegant leisure, who would have lounged aimlessly through life, often with a vague and dispiriting consciousness of unused powers and dormant ambition—men made not for study and thought and the dry routine of trade, but for heroic action, if only the time served—they find their day suddenly dawning, and hastening to be heroes, they give to the morning paper all the wild charm of old history.

It is not merely war, it is not only the opportunity of action that does this; but it is the character and purpose of the war. How brave the English boys were in the Crimea and in India! But why were they fighting? Who can readily say why? Yet there is not a young man of ours, who thought to be a clerk and who finds himself a soldier, who does not know precisely why he has drawn his sword. It is to defend the Government of his country, which is the guarantee of human liberty. To defend a Government which, truly interpreted and administered, was inimical to justice and liberty, would be a shame or a crime for any man in any country. When our men strike for the Government, the strength of their arms is the consciousness that they strike for the highest welfare of every man who is the subject of that Government.

Theodore Winthrop, in one of his letters, written from Washington within the first month of the war, expresses precisely the truth of the situation: "I see no present end to this business. We must conquer the South. Afterward we must be prepared to do its police in its own behalf, and in behalf of its black population, which this war must, without precipitation, emancipate. We must hold the South as the Metropolitan Police holds New York. All this is inevitable. Now I wish to enroll myself at once in the police of the nation, and for life, if the nation will take me. I do not see that I can put myself—experience and character—to any more useful use."

These words describe the career which this war has opened to so many young men. Its results in the national character can not easily be overestimated. The quality of their heroism has been already proved in these men. Patient valor, allied with a consciousness of justice in the cause, is irresistible.

THE PREPARATION OF THE ENEMY.

OUR history makes itself so rapidly that it is hard to stop to comment upon its shifting aspects without being left in the lurch by newer events. Yet there are certain truths in regard to the rebellion which are confirmed by every thing that happens. Among these are the sagacity of the rebel leaders, and the ability with which they use their opportunities and means.

For instance, they have known from the beginning that their most vulnerable side was their coast. They had no ships; and although the tool of treason, Mr. Toucey, had done all he could, they knew that we could command some ships. All summer long they have seen the blockading squadron. All summer long they have heard the busy hammer in our ship-yards. All summer long they have known that the winds of autumn would blow a fleet to their shores. And they have been preparing to meet it.

When the expedition sailed there was something of the same kind of unquestioning confidence in the public mind that attended the forward movement toward Manassas in July. It seemed to be thought that we should pop upon some unexpected point, land without trouble, and strike the rebellion in its own camp. The truth was, that we had undertaken one of the most difficult movements: to approach an enemy's coast, to attack batteries with ships, and to land in the face of a hostile force. Our triumph is truly magnificent. It is a success which we had no right to suppose could be so complete and so splendid.

And yet, what we found proves only the more fully the shrewdness and the ability of the enemy.

Knowing long ago that the expedition would inevitably come, they naturally asked themselves where it was likely to strike. The great ports, Savannah, New Orleans, Charleston, and Mobile, were peculiarly protected against attacks from the water side; and it was probably not one of them. The remaining points of possible access to any fleet or adapted for any combined operations were few. Port Royal, Brunswick, Fernandina, and others: of these Port Royal was the more likely point, because it was a fine entrance, because the harbor could float a fleet, and because it was midway between Savannah and Charleston, threatening both; and lay in the heart of a cotton and rice country, with 80 per cent. of slave population. When Beaufort was taken a cotton port was opened. When a cotton port was opened foreign powers could not undertake to break the blockade to get cotton. To take Beaufort was to draw the capital prize. The rebels knew it, and prepared for it.

We supposed that there might be a few earthworks, heaps of sand, as at Hatteras, but easily demolished with a few shell. But we found bombproof fortifications strenuously defended for four hours, and yielding only because nothing could withstand the tempest of fire that raged from our fleet. The forts of the enemy were well built and well manned.

And as Port Royal was protected, so probably are the other points upon the rebels' coast. They have counted the cost of the war, and they are prepared to pay. They will fight obstinately and desperately; but they are men, and they must yield to stronger men. Their resistance only secures our victory, for it will show us the necessity of destroying the root of rebellion. They have accepted the war, as a war of Slavery against Liberty, as the corner-stone of the Government. If they are conquered, by their own admission slavery is defeated.

There was never a moment in our history when a man should be so proud of being an American as now. For the cardinal principles of our system are in course of vindication, and we are making ourselves a nation of freemen. The strongest power in the world is an idea; and when justice is the form as it is the spirit of our Government, our permanent national peace and glory are secured.

NOT THE LEAST OF OUR VICTORIES.

THERE was consolation in reading of the arrest of Slidell and Mason and Gwin to think that the new times of the country will give us new men; and that the insolence and vulgarity which are necessarily fostered by the system represented by those men will, for a time at least, vanish from our annals.

The arrogance of the men who were captured escaping as rebel agents to Europe is notorious. They and their associates have for many years assumed to overrule and bully the Senate of the United States. They have sought to exclude the word Liberty from all discussions, and have carried on, with haughty disdain, their conspiracy either to pervert or to destroy the Government.

As for Mason, it is a poetic justice that he will be sent to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor. It will teach him and his friends that the obsequious greeting he received in that city only a few years since was no indication that the heart of New England was servile. But no one can forget that it was precisely that kind of civility which deceived the Southern chiefs into the belief that their sway was absolute in the country, and that their plans would not be seriously resisted. If the gentlemen of the North had stood as fast for Liberty and the Constitution as the gentlemen of the South have stood for Slavery, Constitution or no Constitution, we should have been spared the rebellion. If the sturdy mass of loyal men at the North had treated every man who defended Slavery or apologized for it as the Southern people have treated all those who felt about Slavery as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison felt, the conspiracy would have been hopeless. Even Northern society has swarmed with snobs who thought it a fine thing to praise Slavery and denounce a preference for Liberty and decency.

Of course no thoughtful man has ever confounded all those who live in the Slave States, or who own slaves, in an indiscriminate condemnation. What is thought and said about Slavery is thought and said of a system, and of the society based upon the system. Because Mason was insolent, it does not follow that no Virginian is a gentleman. And another thing emphatically does not follow, and that is, that a man is a gentleman *because* he is a slave-owner. For it can by no possible interpretation of the word be made to appear gentlemanly for one man to live by the forced labor of another man whom he does not pay, and whom he whips if he will not work.

The war will take this conceit well out of the public mind; and it will not be the least of our victories.

BARBARISM IN WAR.

WHEN our forces captured the forts at Port Royal and pressed into the fort to raise the old flag, it was found that the rebels in retreating had arranged a process by which a mine should be fired and the fort and its possessors blown up at the very moment the flag was raised.

This little fact is but another indication of the

barbarism of the rebellious section, and of the ferocity with which they wage the war. War is in itself so terrible that it may be said, a little ferocity more or less makes no difference. But even war has certain rules. Quarter upon surrender, for instance, and respect to a flag of truce.

At Guyandotte there was the same kind of treachery shown as in the plot of the mine at Port Royal. We are dealing with men who have little of the honor of a civilized people. They show the temper and method of savages, and we should bear it constantly in mind to avoid all the traps we can. Civil wars are peculiarly fierce, and ours is not an exception to the rule. The tone and temper of General Sherman's proclamation were at singular variance with the mine in the fort and the known sentiment of South Carolina. It showed that the Government is animated by no hate, no insane and stupid fury, like that of the rebels; but that it means to be respected by all citizens, and that those who are armed against it will feel its power. The proclamation was too long, but it ended well.

The mine at Port Royal and the massacre at Guyandotte should leave no man in doubt that every blow that can be dealt the nation, and in every savage way, will not be spared by the rebels. They are frenzied and desperate, and why should we think they are to be soothed? They are not to be pacified, they are to be subjugated. They are to be forced by such means as the *Wabash* used, and such means only, to lay down their arms. They are not to be entreated, they are to be compelled. And as Secretary Cameron says, every weapon that the Government can honorably use—and it may honorably use any, short of treachery—will be leveled against the rebellion.

This tremendous purgation of fire and sword will not harm the nation, it will help it. A civil war is a terrible tonic. But a peace which is rottenness of principle and a decay of manhood is death. If we are slow to understand this, we are sure. The rebels themselves have taught us step by step. And we have learned. Dishonor, theft, treachery of every kind, and at the cost of precious lives, have shown us more and more distinctly the character and fury of our foe. They have strained every nerve to harm us. But they have not yet felt the full weight of our hand. That they will feel it in the ground quaking beneath them, no one who studies the course of events and the progress of opinion can doubt.

Meanwhile let every honest man reflect upon the methods of the rebellion, and ask himself whether he feels a call to be peculiarly charitable to such an enemy.

THE WISDOM OF ACTION AND INACTION.

WHEN, early in the Revolution, Major Barton crossed Narragansett Bay at night and captured General Prescott upon Rhode Island, the general satisfaction among the patriots was not only that a prisoner of high degree had been secured, but that the circumstances of his capture showed that heroic audacity and ability which were the sure prophecies of ultimate success.

We have all been looking for similar enterprises in this war. We have been expecting to see the American shrewdness, and skill, and rapidity of movement vindicate themselves anew. To take responsibilities daringly, yet wisely, is to command success. And Commodore Wilkes showed it in stopping the *Trent*, "putting the *San Jacinto* into position," and walking Messrs. Slidell and Mason over the side into the custody of the United States.

It is precisely what Major Barton would have done had he been in command. It is precisely what Napoleon Bonaparte and Andrew Jackson would have done. It was the wise promptitude which does the necessary deed and leaves the explanation and justification to follow.

In Saint-Beuve's "Causeries de Lundi" there is a remarkable letter of Napoleon's, and one of the most characteristic he ever wrote. He was discontented with the inertness of Augereau, who was organizing an army at Lyons. The date is February 21, 1814.

"....What! Six hours after receiving the first troops from Spain you are not in the field! Six hours of rest is quite enough for them. I conquered at Nangis with the brigade of dragoons coming from Spain, who from Bayonne had not drawn rein. Do you say that the six battalions from Nimes want clothes and equipage, and are uninstructed? Augereau, what miserable excuses! I have destroyed 80,000 enemies with battalions of conscripts, scarcely clothed, and without cartridge-boxes. The National Guards are pitiful? I have here 4000 from Angers and Bretagne in round hats, without cartridge-boxes, but with good weapons: and I have made them tell. There is no money, do you say? But where do you expect to get money, but from the pockets of the enemy? You have no teams? Seize them. You have no magazine? Tut, tut! this is too ridiculous! I order you to put yourself in the field twelve hours after you receive this letter. If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, keep your command. If your sixty years are too much for you, relinquish it to the oldest of your general officers. The country is menaced and in danger. It can be saved only by daring and alacrity, and not by vain delays. You must have a nucleus of 6000 picked troops? I have not so many, yet I have destroyed three armies, captured 40,000 prisoners, taken two hundred pieces of artillery, and thrice saved the capital. The enemy are in full flight upon Troyes? Be before them. Act no longer as of late. Resume the method and the spirit of '93. When Frenchmen see your plume waving in the van, and you, first of all, exposed to the enemy's fire, you will do with them whatever you will."

So prompt, so bold, was Napoleon. Yet he knew when to wait as well as to move. At Austerlitz Soult and the other generals begged him to advance. "Stop," replied Napoleon; "never move when your enemy is destroying himself."

We have wisely waited. And who does not feel that under M'Clellan we shall move as wisely?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

To make a Sausage Roll.—Carry your sausage cautiously to the top of the nearest hill, and trundle it carefully down.

To make a Trifle.—Buy Fun for a penny, and sell it at its true value.

Jam Tart.—Place your tart in the hinge of the door, and close briskly.

Open Tart.—Insert your knife carefully, and lift off the upper crust.

To Collar Beef.—Watch your opportunity, snatch up briskly, and carry home under your coat.

Rum Shrub.—Pull up your gooseberry bush, and plant upside down.

Hardbake.—Place your pastry in a fierce oven, and forget all about it.

Dripping Dumplings.—Pop into water, and snatch out again.

Honey Drops.—Place your honey in a cullender, and watch the effect from beneath.

[Advertisement.]

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS.—An Unmanageable Boy wishes to meet with a few more boys of tastes and habits (jackets or tails no object) similar to his own, in order to make up a pleasure party for a visit to the tutor of "persuasive powers" who has lately been advertising.

N.B. Each unmanageable boy must bring his own peashooter, India-rubber bands, slings, catapults, sticks, popguns, and the latest inventions.

Address—"TOMMY," *care of Nemo, Smash Hall, U.C.*

ADVICE GRATIS.—How to bear your tooth being extracted without crying out: Hold your jaw.

A GRAND DRESS REHEARSAL.

It is a pretty dress rehearsal when a young lady takes a visitor up to her bedroom, and begins showing her all the beautiful new dresses she has lately been buying. She should try them all on, one after the other, before the looking-glass, and press her dear friend, in the most persuasive manner, to give her opinion upon each. The performance is all the more effective when the visitor happens to be in an inferior position of society, so that the pieces which are brought forward for her flattering notice are so nicely arranged as to be above the reach of her pocket. However, the best time without comparison for a Grand Dress Rehearsal is when a young lady is going to a Queen's Drawing-Room. Too many young friends can not be invited to witness the *éclat* of so delightful a performance, taking care of course to avoid any inconvenience from overcrowding, and even upon so rare an occasion servants have been known to be kindly admitted to witness the grand *finale*.

THE SONG OF THE YOUNGER SON.

I would gladly marry,
  Could I but chance to find
A girl of tastes and habit
  Inexpensively inclined:
One who for more pin-money
  Will not weekly press,
And will even love her husband
  Better than her dress.

Who will share his fortune,
  Nor complain of his close fist,
And without a pair of ponies
  Will manage to exist.
Who in London after August
  To be seen won't be afraid,
And can finish off her toilet
  Without a lady's-maid.

Who'll not think a mile of walking
  A cause for fight or fuss,
And even on emergency
  Will travel by a 'buss.
Who'll mend a shirt or stocking,
  And a pie or pudding make,
And will not want a doctor
  If her little finger ache.

A wife who'll not look sulky
  If *carte blanche* she be denied
With her milliner and jeweler,
  And fifty shops beside.
Who'll not lie in bed for breakfast,
  Nor of cruelty complain
If she lunch without hot jelly,
  And dine without Champagne.

To fancy fairs and flower-shows
  Who will not sigh to go,
Nor will deem a quiet evening
  With her Henry "dreadful slow."
Who can live without French novels,
  And without an opera stall,
Nor will want three parties nightly,
  And twice a week a ball.

Who can go out on a visit
  Nor want six new gowns a day,
And won't turn her lovely nose up
  At a sixpenny bouquet.
Who'll walk out with her husband
  If he can't afford a horse,
Nor will deem a year old bonnet
  A fit ground for a divorce.

Who will be content with Margate,
  When taken to the sea,
Nor will think her Henry vulgar
  If he order shrimps for tea.
Find me such a charmer,
  With health and temper good,
And then ask me if I'd marry?
  I should rather think I would!

ONE OF THE WORST ASPECTS OF THE WAR.—Since the great scarcity of cotton the Parisian milliners have been charging fifty, and seventy, and as much as eighty-two per cent. extra for padding. If the scarcity should still continue, it will be frightful to contemplate upon the thousands and thousands of French beauties that will be pinched by the want of it during the coming winter.

LAST LINE FROM THE FRENCH KORAN.—There is but one Napoleon, and the *Moniteur* is his prophet.

An ingenious friend of ours says he has discovered the secret of Nessus's Shirt. He says it was a shirt *with all the buttons off.* It was sent to Hercules purposely to annoy him, and the effect was that every time he put it on the absence of the buttons used to put Hercules into such a burning rage that ultimately it was the death of him!

NO POPERY!

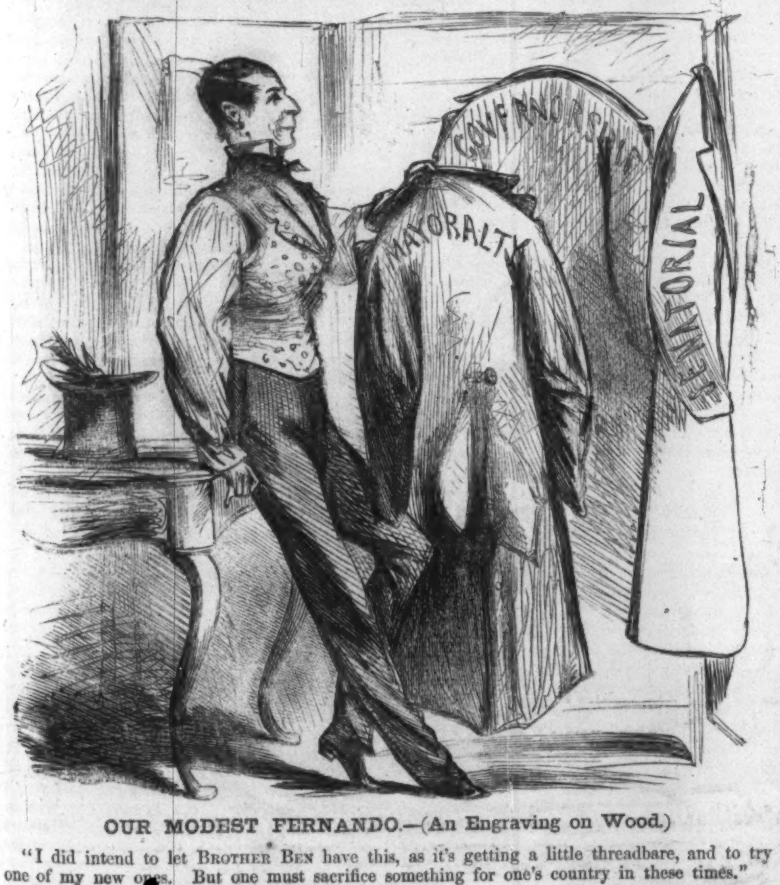
[*A Joke made on Guy Fawkes' Day.*]

Pam says that it is to please the Roman Catholic population of Canada that he has sent out, as Governor-General, a Monck. He adds that this bad excuse is better than *nun.* Really, the joke's as objectionable as the appointment, and that is saying a good deal, as will be found out one of these days.

Rousseau used to say: "To write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

Love partakes so much of modesty, confidence, and fidelity, that it awakens these virtues in the bosoms of those who were previously strangers to them.



OUR MODEST FERNANDO.—(An Engraving on Wood.)

"I did intend to let BROTHER BEN have this, as it's getting a little threadbare, and to try one of my new ones. But one must sacrifice something for one's country in these times."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

BOMBARDMENT OF PENSACOLA.

WE learn through rebel sources that the steamers *Niagara* and *Colorado* and the guns at Fort Pickens have opened a heavy fire on the rebel General Bragg's forces and the Pensacola Navy-yard—that the town of Warrington has been totally destroyed by the hot shot poured upon it from Fort Pickens. General Bragg, in dispatches which he has widely circulated all over the South, describes the affair as a rebel victory, and reports that the United States steamers had to haul off, being badly damaged by the fire of the rebel batteries. It is admitted that the destruction done by the shells from the fort and ships was very considerable, and that the Navy-yard was set on fire three times by the hot shot from Fort Pickens. General Bragg boasts that the walls of the fort were breached in several places, a fact which, from the calibre of the guns he had to bring to bear upon it, and the immense strength of the fort itself, is highly improbable.

THE REBELS SHIFTING QUARTERS.

The important event of the day is the sudden flight of the rebel Government and Congress from Richmond to Nashville, Tennessee. The rebel Congress assembled at the former place on 18th, and received the Message of Jeff Davis there on 19th. It appears from the Richmond *Enquirer* that a resolution was passed to remove the seat of government to a more secure locality in the interior of Tennessee.

THE REBEL ARMY AT MANASSAS.

A deserter reports the rebel force about Centreville, where head-quarters are established, as numbering 60,000 men, and as many more all along the Potomac lines. Centreville, he states, is well defended, but has no siege guns. At Manassas, however, there are some heavy guns. He describes the troops as being in good spirits, pretty well fed, clothed, and armed, and under the impression that the war is one of subjugation, devastation, and abolition. This impression they receive from their officers and chaplains.

TWO MORE VIRGINIAN COUNTIES IN THE UNION.

The War Department received information last week that the Union forces in Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, have taken nine cannon belonging to the rebels. It is further stated that the people there express themselves as being tired of rebel rule, and anxious to reopen trade with the Northern States. County meetings have been held to take into consideration the future disposition of the two counties. The Government has fully responded to the spirit of General Dix's proclamation, and Mr. Chase has ordered the restoration of the light-house at Cape Charles. The postal connection of both counties will be at once renewed, the Postmaster-General having sent a special agent there for that purpose.

NORTH CAROLINA RE-ENTERING THE UNION.

The Provisional State government for North Carolina, the establishment of which has been contemplated for months, was formally instituted on the 18th inst. by a Convention of delegates and proxies representing forty-five counties of the State. Ordinances were passed acknowledging the Constitution of the United States; appointing Marble Nash Taylor provisional Governor of North Carolina; proclaiming the secession act illegal and of no force or effect, and empowering the new Governor to order special elections for representatives to the Federal Congress.

A NEW BLOCKADING FLEET.

Seventeen old whale ships have been purchased by the Government at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and loaded with what the soldiers of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment call "Baltimore rations" (stones and brickbats), and taken South to be sunk at the entrance of certain harbors. The following are their names: *Arctic, American, Archer, Amazon, Cossack, Courier, Frs. Henrietta, Garland, L. C. Richmond, Rebecca Simms, Kensington, South America, Herald, Potomac, Maria Theresa, Leonidas, Harvest.* The following named whalers have also been purchased at New London for the same purpose: ship *Lewis*, bark *Fortune*, ship *Corea*, bark *Tenedos*, ship *Timor*, ship *Meteor*, ship *Robin Hood*, ship *Phœnix*. The vessels of this fleet sailed for their destination on the 20th inst.

It is understood that they are going to Savannah and Charleston.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

General Halleck has given orders to exclude fugitive slaves from the camps, as they have been detected giving military information to the rebels. General Price's rebel army is moving toward the centre of the State, and General Harris's division is said to be about to enter Kansas for the purpose of ravaging the southern counties. It is supposed that General Lane was on his track, and would doubtless force him into an engagement. Intelligence has reached Jefferson City, Missouri, by a train from the West, that the rebels had burned down the town of Warsaw to prevent its being made winter-quarters for the Union troops. A large quantity of Government stores were destroyed in the conflagration.

OUR ARMY.

It has been ascertained that the volunteer forces of the Union army now amount to six hundred thousand men.

JEFF DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

Jeff Davis's Message to the rebel Legislature is contained in the Richmond papers of 20th. He finds cause for congratulation in what he calls the success of the Confederate arms, and declares that in men, military means, and financial condition, the Confederate States are much stronger now than when the struggle commenced. He alleges, as a reason for the invasion of Kentucky, that the National forces were about to enter Tennessee over Kentucky soil. He declares that the Union can never be reconstructed, as the causes which primarily induced a separation have been strengthened; characterizes the nature of the hostilities on the part of the United States as barbarous, and denounces the National soldiers as incendiaries and robbers. He glosses over the financial condition of the rebel States in a very hasty and imperfect manner, and is disposed to apologize for imperfect mail facilities. He sees in the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board a British vessel a cause for war between the United States and Great Britain—declaring that the seizure might with equal propriety have been made in the streets of London. The blockade he pronounces to be totally ineffectual, and says that sufficient proof of this fact will be furnished at the proper time. He seems, however, to have forgotten to mention the little affair at Port Royal, and the recent Union demonstrations in Eastern Tennessee seem to have escaped his observation entirely.

A NEW MOVEMENT AT THE SOUTH.

On 21st a flag of truce came down from Norfolk, with dispatches to General Wool, informing him that no more flags of truce will be received until further notice. It is inferred that the major portion if not all the rebel troops stationed at Sewall's Point, Tanner's Creek, and Craney Island are to be withdrawn and sent post-haste to South Carolina, to crush out our troops before any reinforcements can reach them.

AFFAIRS AT HILTON HEAD.

Information has been received from Hilton Head relative to the progress made by the Union troops in that locality. Port Royal Island had been surveyed for strategical purposes, a dock built, storehouses erected, stores, etc., landed, a hospital established, and other work accomplished, of a nature vast and surprising when it is taken into consideration that the troops had not occupied the place ten days. A large quantity of sea-island cotton is yet ungathered. The *Baltic*, which reached this port last week, brought a quantity of the staple with her.

PANIC AT THE SOUTH.

The panic caused throughout the sea-board rebel States by the success of the national fleet at Port Royal appears to be much greater than the rebel papers care to acknowledge. They print enough, however, to give us a tolerably fair idea in reference to it. For instance, a dispatch from Charleston, dated November 17, which we find in a Richmond paper, says that the failure of the shore batteries to demolish at least one of the attacking vessels, has sadly shaken the popular confidence in the efficiency of the rebel guns, and so alarmed are many of the "sordid souls that infest all the Southern cities," that this effect may already be seen in "the burdening of freight-trains which leave almost hourly for the interior." Savannah is especially pointed at as a city where the panic has been general, whole neighborhoods having been deserted.

MASON AND SLIDELL IN FORT WARREN.

The *San Jacinto* reached Boston on 23d, and landed Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, Eustis and M'Farland, at Fort Warren.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON OUR TROUBLES.

AT the Lord Mayor's dinner in London on Lord Mayor's day, November 9, the chief magistrate of that city proposed the "Foreign Embassadors," coupling the same with the name of Mr. Adams, the American Minister. That gentleman, in his reply, stated that his mission was to promote and perpetuate the friendly relations of the two countries. Lord Palmerston said, although circumstances may, for a time, threaten to interfere with the supply of cotton, the temporary evil will be productive of permanent good. England would find in various portions of the globe a sure and ample supply, which would render her no more dependent. He stated that the country witnessed with affliction the lamentable differences among her American cousins; but added, it was not for her to pass judgment in their dispute. He expressed a hope of the speedy restoration of harmony and peace.

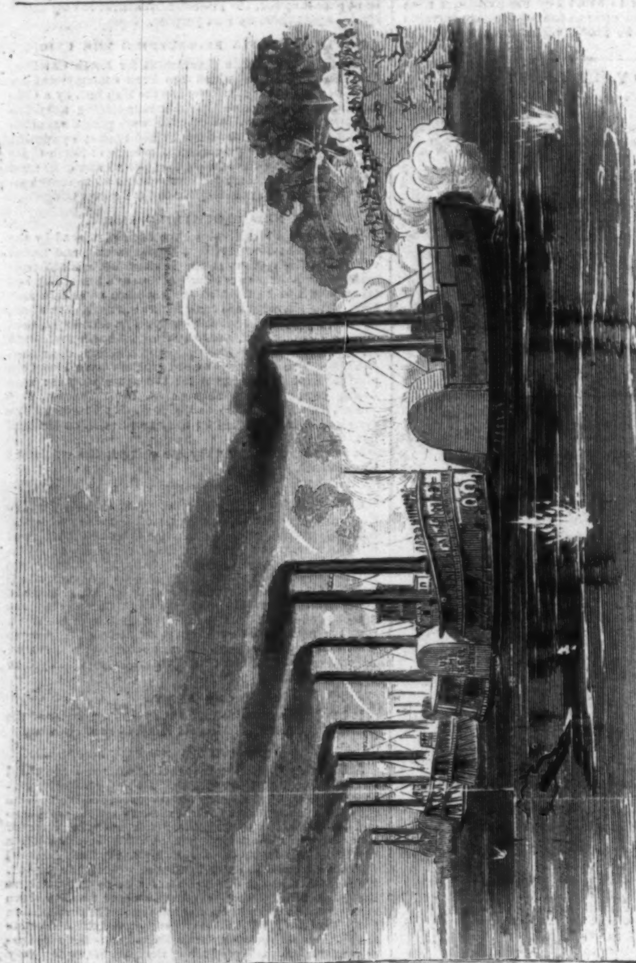
THE EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

The allied expedition to Mexico is fairly on the move. The British war ships *Conqueror*, *Sanspariel*, and *Donegal* sailed on the 13th instant for the Gulf, with a well-appointed force of marines and some heavy Armstrong guns on board. Napoleon had ordered his contingent to leave from whatever ports the vessels designated were stationed, while Spain was burning with impatience for the moment of action.

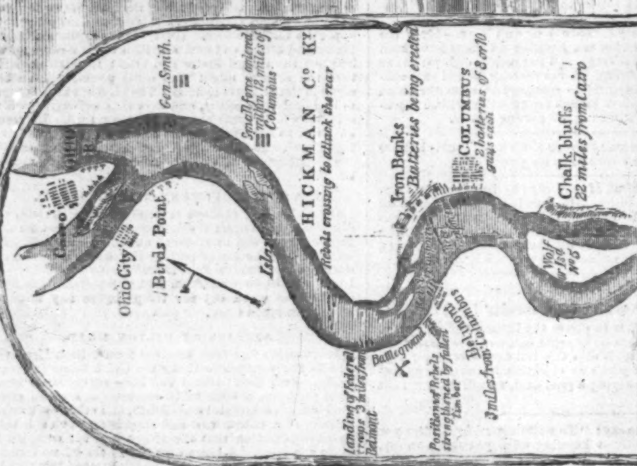
SPAIN.

THE MEETING OF THE CORTES.

The Session of Cortes has been opened in Madrid. Queen Isabella, in her speech, refers in the most laudatory strain to the recent successes of her diplomats and troops both in Venezuela and San Domingo, and is quite hopeful of her prospects in Mexico.



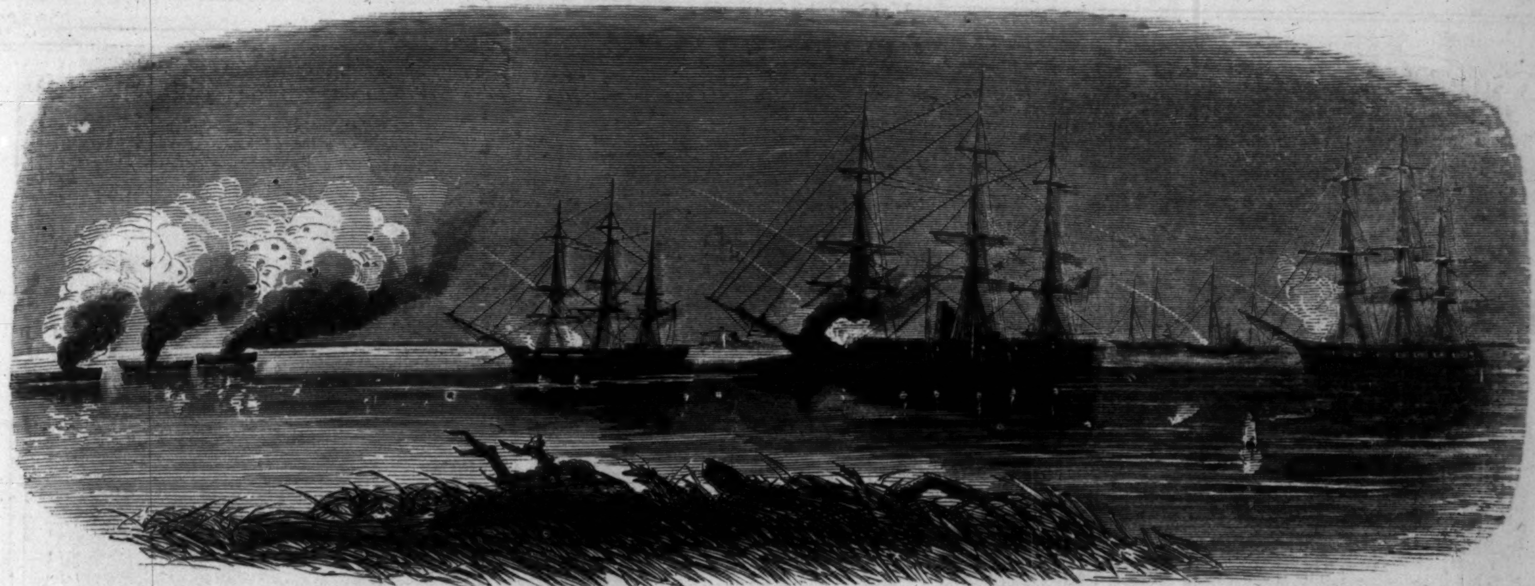
The retreat—The Tyler shelling the Rebel troops.



MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM CAIRO TO CHALK BLUFF

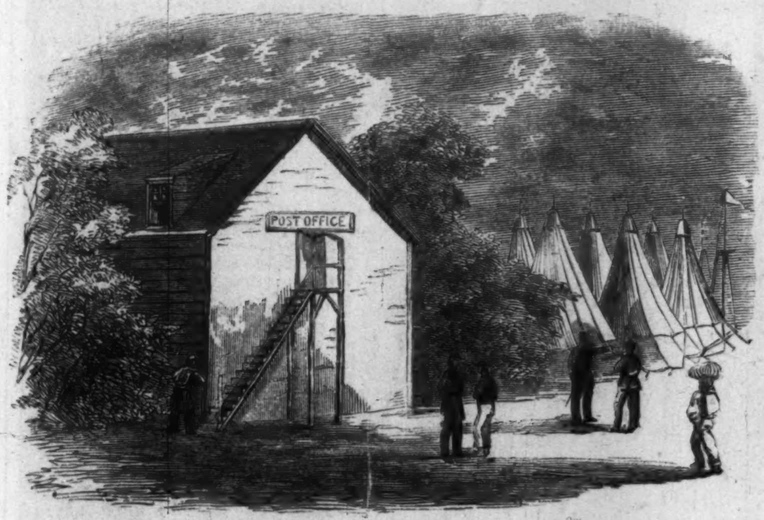
The Mississippi River near Columbus & Belmont

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT—CHARGE OF COLONEL DOUGHERTY, TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT, UPON THE REBEL BATTERIES.—SKETCHED BY MR. BILL TRAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

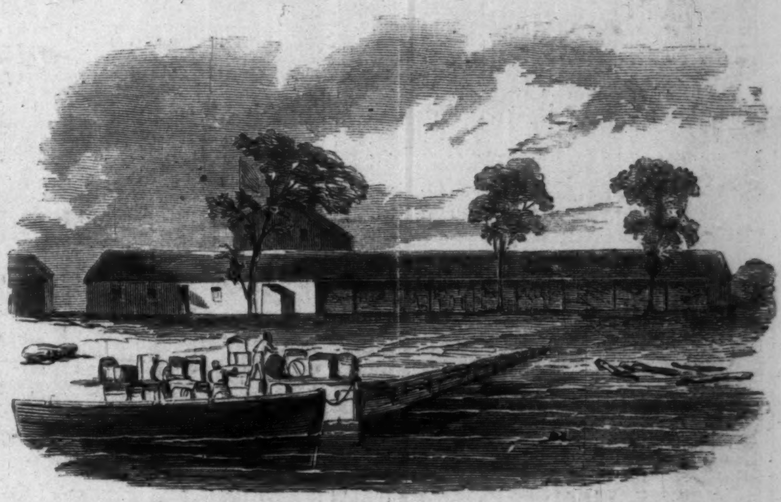


THE BATTLE AT THE SOUTHWEST PASS—THE RAM "MANASSAS" ATTACKING THE "RICHMOND."—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "RICHMOND."—[SEE PAGE 779.]

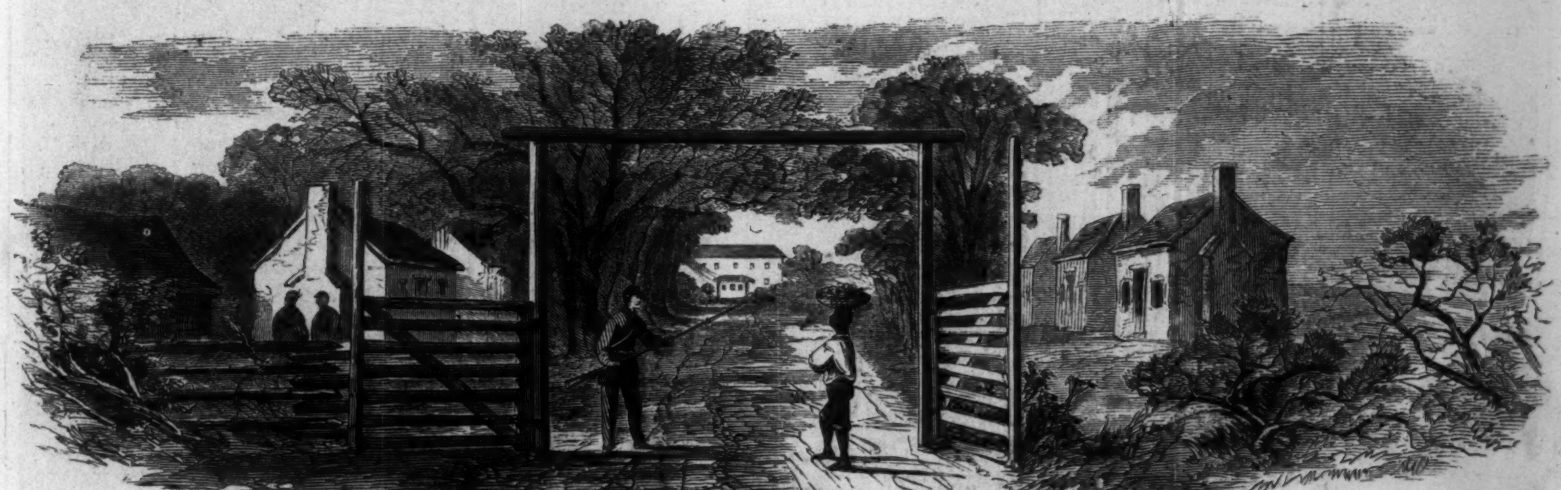
THE BATTLE AT THE SOUTHWEST PASS—RETREAT OF THE REBEL FLOTILLA.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "RICHMOND."—[SEE PAGE 779.]



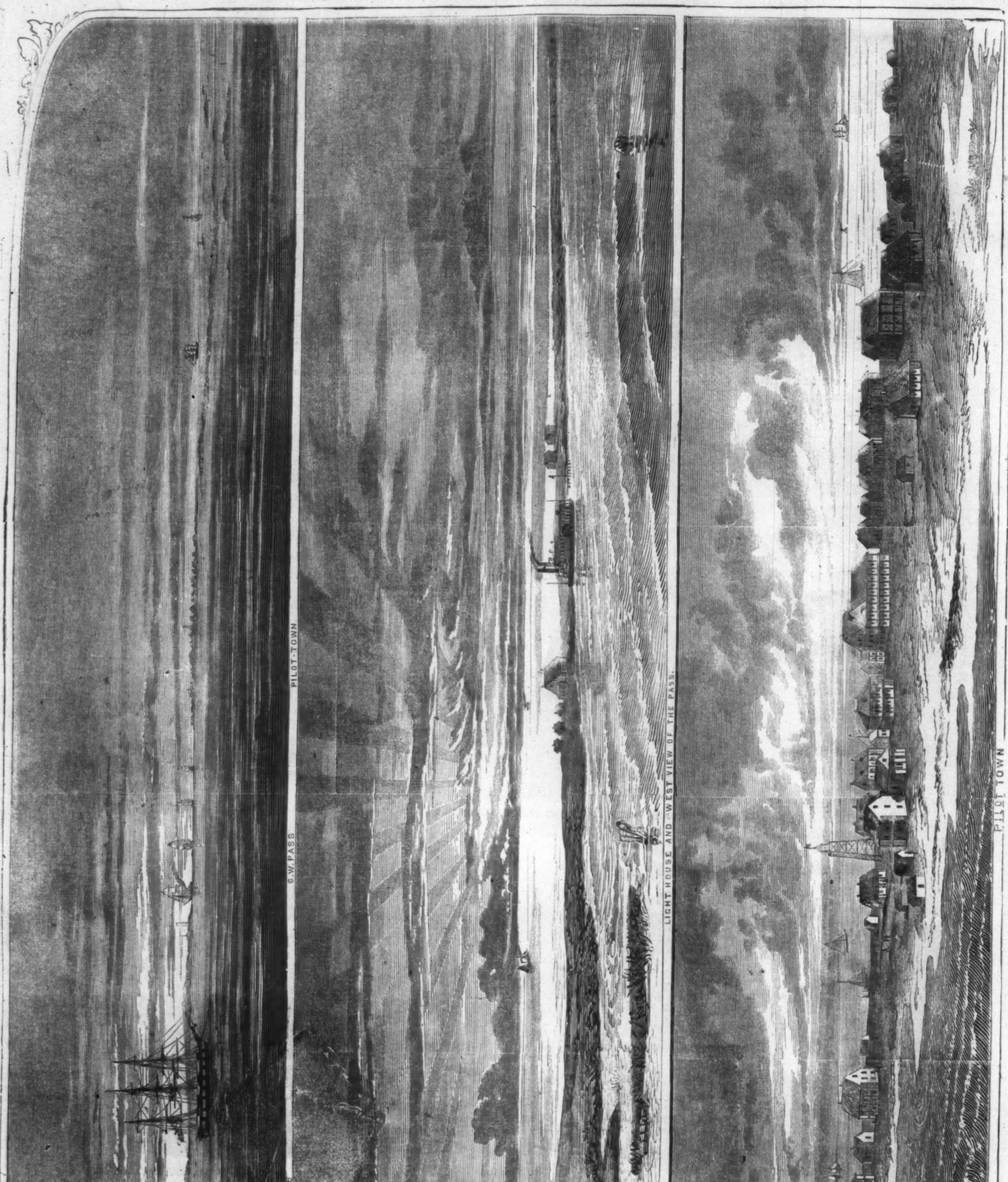
THE POST-OFFICE AT HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.



LANDING STORES AT HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.

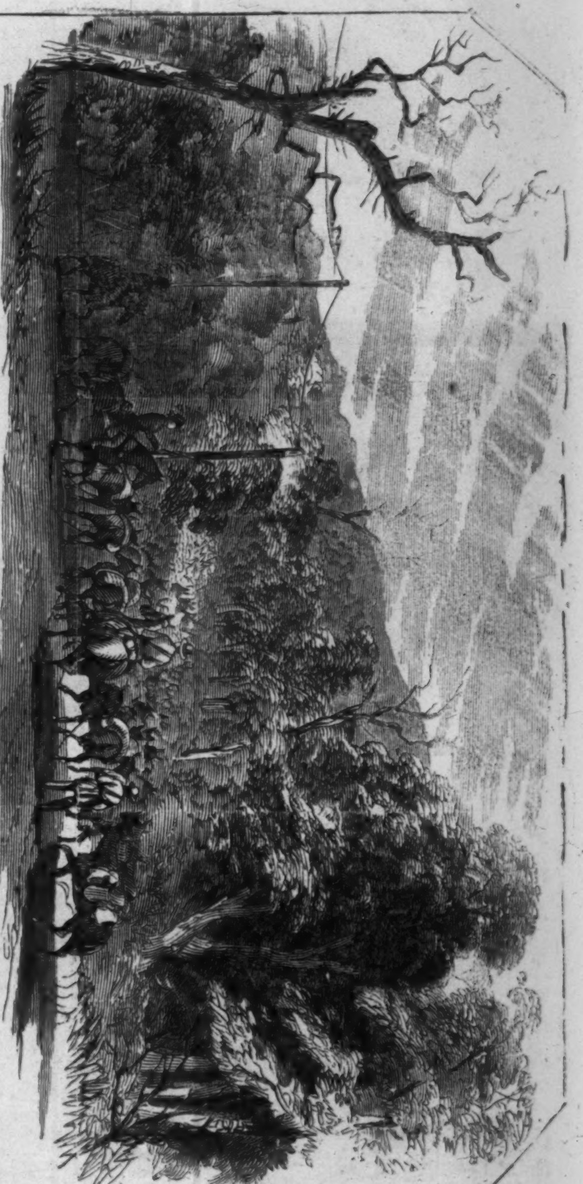


OUR PICKET AT GENERAL DRAYTON'S MANSION, HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

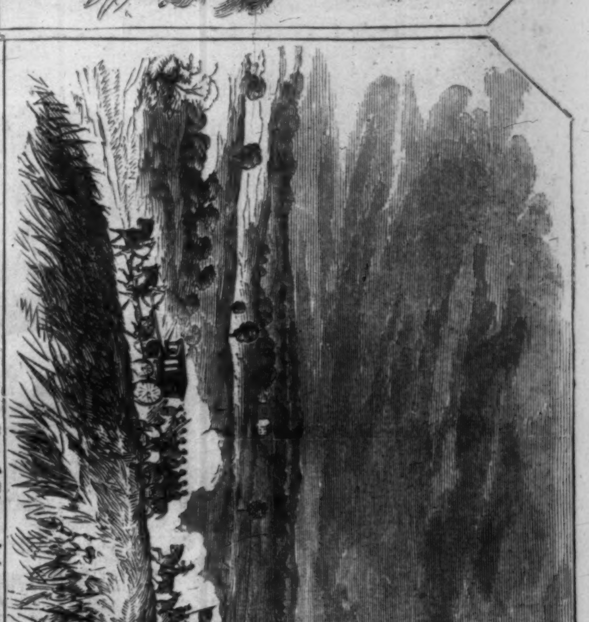


VIEWS OF THE SOUTHWEST PASS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

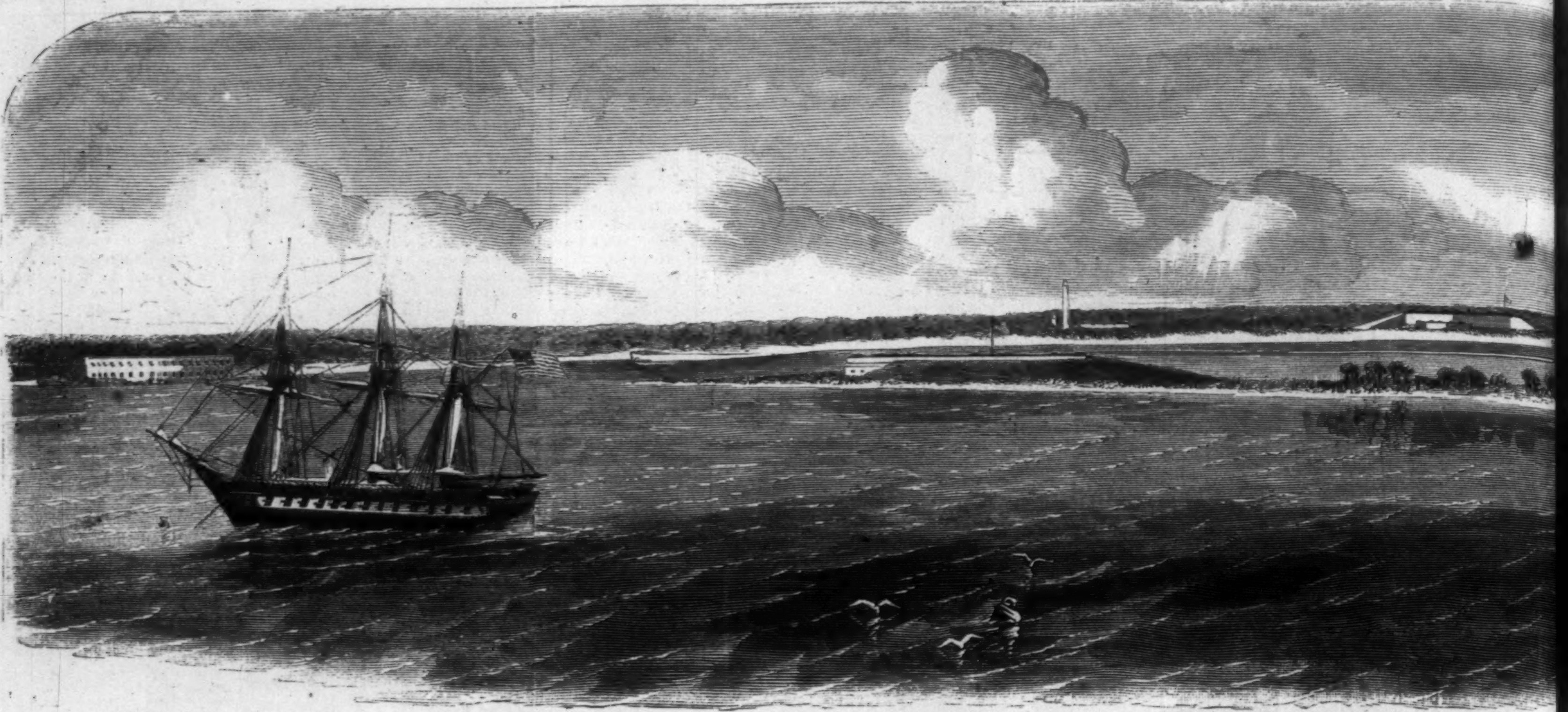
Camp Nevin, Kentucky, General McCook's Head-quarters.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 779.]



Conveying provisions to the army at Springfield, Mo.



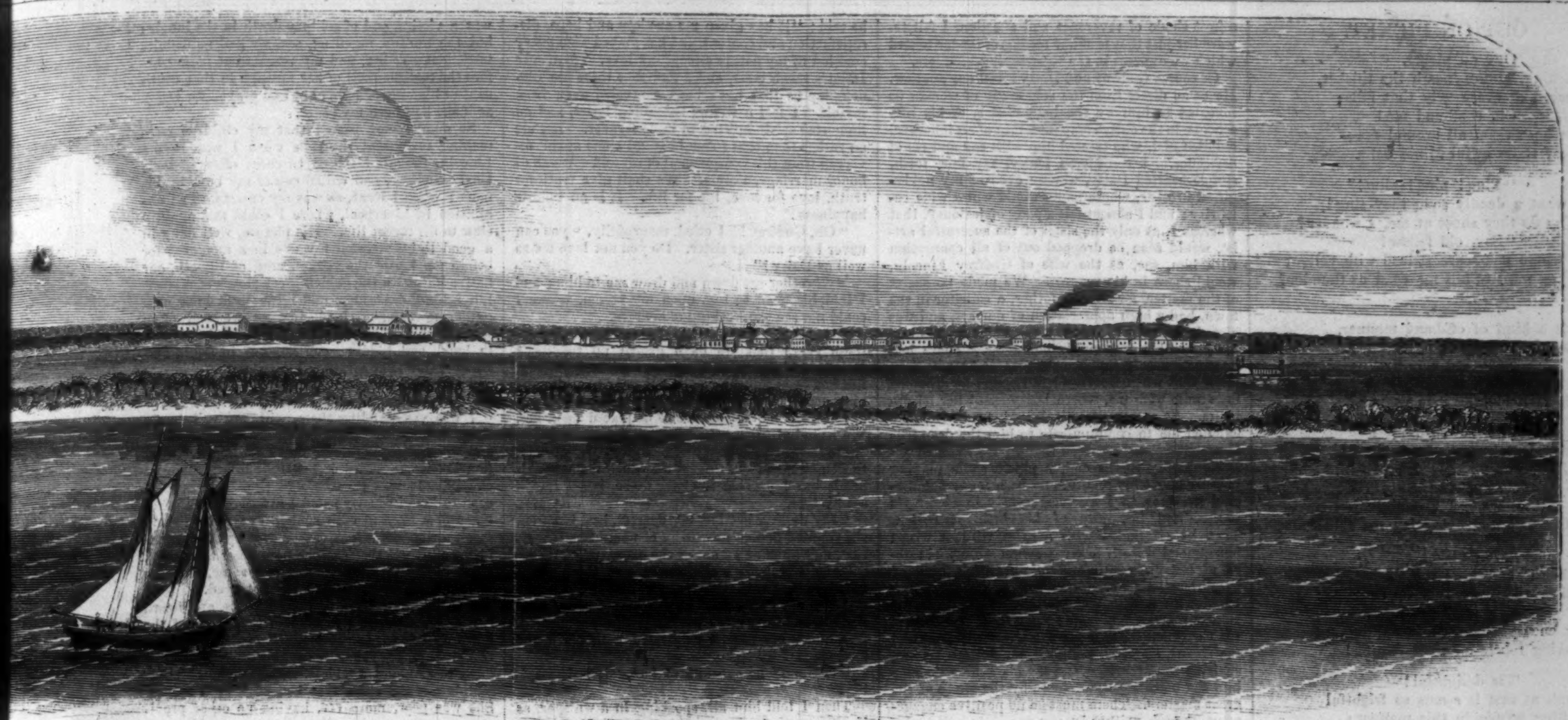
Gen'l Sturgis' army on the prairie.



Fort M'Rae. Fort Pickens. Light-house. Barrancas.

VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA—SANTA ROSA ISLAND AND PORT PICKENS IN THE FOR

THE GREAT REVIEW AT BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS, VIRGINIA, ON NOVEMB



ROUND, REBEL BATTERIES AND NAVY-YARD IN THE DISTANCE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

20, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FROM THE TOP OF A BARN.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

OUT ON PICKET.

OUT on picket,
Crouching, hiding 'neath the thicket,
Scared at every twig that falls;
Oh, confound me!
I can hear them all around me—
Hear those awful Minié balls.

"Ping! ping! ping!"
Oh, what a deadly song they sing!
Why do they shoot at me, I wonder?
"Say, old fellow!
You whose pants are striped with yellow,
D'you want to kill me dead as thunder?

"Louisiana,
That's a kind of off-hand manner,
Shooting men you never knew.
Now, just stop that,
Else you see I'll take a pop at
All such looking men as you."

Past me rushes
Another ball into the bushes.
"Look out for a leaden pebble!"
So exclaiming
This to him while I was aiming—
"Crack!" and dying lay the rebel!

So on picket,
Peeping from behind the thicket,
All day long we kept up shooting:
How exciting,
After once you're used to fighting,
Taking rebels off their footing!

'Tis delightful!
Though at first it seems so frightful
Killing people in this manner:
Just remember,
It was only last December
THAT THEY SPAT UPON OUR BANNER!

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Nov., 1861.

THE WITHERED DAISY.

MY native hills, long unvisited, surround me, though I have not seen them yet, for the sun was gone down before the coach reached the entrance of the valley. But I feel them about me, no longer a mere dream, a flitting vision of memory, but a reality of God's universe, whose steep and narrow paths my own feet will tread to-morrow, and upon whose live repose my own eyes will rest in unmeasured content. Twice I have been out to peer into the thick night, until my aching eyeballs detected painfully the stern, dark profiles, without light or perspective, which cross the clouded horizon in single lines of unchanging, threatening, utter blackness. No faint gleam along the whole boundary; no trace of the already forgotten day; only those obscure, sullen curves. They crush down the hope that brought me hither with Margaret. They extort from me sighs and irrepressible tears.

Again, for the third time, I have been down to the gnarled and gloomy yew-tree, at the end of the garden walk, facing Elmeth, the hill where I was born. As I loitered there vainly gazing upward, the clouds rolled away for a little while, and the moon came up over the sharply defined outline of the great mountain beyond; she poured a stream of beams over the valley and upon the peak of Elmeth; and at that moment a bright red light under it marked the very spot of the old homestead. My pulse quickened with the quickening light; but rapidly the heavy clouds gathered again, and rolling down the slopes of Wodenhill, engulfed Elmeth and its red home light in impenetrable darkness. Once more the invisible landscape lay before my straining eyes an awful and mysterious blank, like a winding-sheet spread smoothly over the dead limbs and features of one beloved.

We were both artists, my brother and I, and we loved our art earnestly. Only there was this difference: Godfrey possessed true genius, I had only the gift of appreciating it. We worked side by side in the same studio, under the same light, with the same pencils and colors. I was always ready for work, and painted uniformly; but he, with long intervals of silent abstraction, and with throes of agony and self-distrust, wrought out his conceptions. It was enough for me to glance once at his face, as he stood before his easel, to learn whether it was a moment of exultation in conscious power, which lacked no word or sign of mine to add to its strength, or a time of conflict with the doubting demon of depreciation, which must needs be exorcised by a few sharp words of work-a-day sense, or appeased by a cordial tribute of applause. Therefore, recognizing the difference between us, I stood humbly on one side, to watch his inspired progress, or to uphold him with sisterly hands in his hours of reaction and depression.

I worked with my commoner powers in sketches of local scenery and studies of heads in crayon, which obtained some celebrity in the exhibitions of the country town where I pursued my vocation. Nor was there in my temperament, as there was in Godfrey's, any painful sensitiveness to prevent me becoming a teacher of our art. I could earn my living and his, while he studied in the Royal Academy and advanced in the favor of the great artist who was his patron. Soon his genius, his success, his fame, would repay my toils a hundred-fold.

For my pupil, Margaret Wilson, whom I called Daisy, I formed no common attachment. There was a subtle charm, even to me a woman, in her childlike, dimpled, rosy loveliness, and in the helpless, clinging tenderness of her manner. My love for her was curiously mingled with a sentiment of protection and pity; and when she sat at my feet, as she liked to do, fondling my hands and gazing up at me with liquid hazel eyes softened into the softest shade of reverence and affection, I felt toward her just that peculiar feeling of tender regard which we express in the word loving-kindness.

Of course Godfrey and Daisy loved one another. He came direct from the sole study of woman as revealed to him by the bold models of his life-schools, to the daily companionship of an innocent, childish girl, who treated him with coy and timid deference. I considered Daisy, my fair, fresh, simple-hearted Daisy, worthy even of my nobly-gifted brother, whose name would win a wide celebrity; and I almost felt a pang of jealousy, that whereas I, as only the sister of the successful artist, would soon be dropped out of all connection with him, she, as the wife of Godfrey Lincoln, would share in his renown. We made no secret of the matter, for Daisy's father, a solicitor in the town, had a high appreciation of our art, and was already satisfied of Godfrey's eminent talents and his honorable and manly character. There had been no concealment from the first, and Mr. Wilson knew that when Godfrey left London he occupied my studio with me, where Daisy spent her leisure hours. So as I was particularly his favorite, they deputed me to communicate to him the deep true love that existed between them. He listened uninterruptedly to the end, a placid smile playing blandly about his mouth, and with many acquiescing gestures as I spoke fervently in Godfrey's praise, and hopefully of his brilliant future. Then he responded with a calm wisdom which recommended itself to my common sense, and talked of Daisy's youth and my brother's need of greater artistic advantages before he was encumbered with a wife and family. "We must not ruin our artist," he said; "let Godfrey go upon the Continent for two years or so—I will lend him the means, and you, my good, industrious Emma, shall be his security—and let his genius develop into the maturity I anticipate by the study of the great masters. There must be no positive engagement, though neither he nor my child will be inconstant. But he must win her, Emma; he must paint a picture to be talked about." In this way it was settled.

Godfrey went abroad to work for the consummation of our hopes, mine as well as his. Daisy continued to be my pupil, clinging to me still more closely and winningly, and seeking my direction in every thing; she would even grow uneasy when I left her to lean to her own understanding and decision. And because I knew that Godfrey's character possessed much of the natural despotism of man's nature, and he chose to have those he loved dependent upon him, I did not greatly care to correct her gentle timidity. I knew that I was training my brother's wife into harmony with his temperament.

I expected Daisy to be feeble where feebleness was a charm, and to be strong where strength was necessary. We were separated; for I was anxious to return Mr. Wilson's loan to Godfrey, that when he came home he might begin his career without being hampered with debt; and when Mr. Wilson procured me a lucrative engagement for six months, I accepted it gratefully but reluctantly—a reluctance which, by this time, another had taught himself to share.

Coming home when it was ended, I found the pliant, docile girl, who would yield to any strong influence exerted upon her, on the eve of marriage with her cousin, an officer in the Indian army, whose regiment was to sail immediately. He had a free, open, vehement, soldierly bearing, and was impassioned in his professions of attachment; while her father gently but firmly pushed the matter on, until, as Daisy told me, weeping in my arms, she could not help it—she wanted to be faithful and true, but it was too late; if I had never left her she would have had power to be constant. The girl's character was without stamina; and such supple tendrils will wind round the support nearest to them. After all, there is more sensuousness, more necessity of sight, in these weak natures than in those that love more passionately. Once assured of the truth of a man's love, I could live a lifetime of unwavering faith in him. But Daisy needed to feel, day by day, that she was being cared for; and when Godfrey was so long absent, and John Wilson and her father urged her with reiterated entreaties, she sacrificed her first love, though not without a grievous suffering.

I did not dare to tell Godfrey of her falsehood, lest he should remain abroad, far away from me, who loved him so truly, and who could console him with living consolation. So, though Daisy was married, and had left England before the time of Godfrey's return, he came home in ignorance, bringing with him the painting by which he was to win her. He had been always of a reserved and reticent disposition, and we had often worked side by side for days with but few interchanges of words. But now, in the joy of coming home, he was voluble and excited, making my very heart ache by his expressions of delight. The packing-case containing his picture was carried up into my studio, and he stood before it, impatient to disclose to me the work, yet hesitating with a half-laughing air of shamefacedness. How was I to tell him of Daisy's perfidy?

"Emma," he said, "I wish Daisy could be the first to see it, even before you, to whom I owe every thing—my perseverance and success, even my precious little wife. Don't think me an ungrateful scoundrel."

"I never shall, Godfrey," I answered; "but listen. Before you knew Daisy you set your mind upon becoming a true and noble artist, elevating the people by the teaching symbols and representations of our art, and you were willing to endure toil and difficulty, yes, and sorrow, so that your own soul might attain a pure excellence. What say you, brother, if you must relinquish Daisy or your art—which should it be?"

He leaned in deep thought against the case for a few minutes, looking down upon it fixedly, as if he saw through its panels the work of his own hands and brain. Then a deeper color flushed under his sun-burned skin. "This is dear to me," he said; "it has given me anxiety and hope, dissatisfaction and content, and has played with every emotion of my nature except my love. There only Daisy's touch rests, and I find that there are hidden depths that have been concealed even from myself. I feel a living, throbbing heart, and an immortal spirit knitted to mine forever. Let art go rather than that I should stand alone again, divorced from this complement of myself. We shall honor marriage, Emma. We shall give truth for truth, love for love, life for life. It is an infinite happiness!"

"Oh, Godfrey!" I cried, mournfully, "you can never have another sister. Do you not love me as well as Daisy?"

My brother sat down and drew me to him; and I laid his head to rest upon my bosom, where I could not see the working of his face.

"Godfrey," I said, "do you not remember all these years that we have grown up together? Daisy could never know you as I do, because your life has been mine as well—all your pursuits and pleasures and troubles. She is very weak, brother; there is no dependence to be placed upon her. We have built upon the sand."

He loosened his hold and moved restlessly, as if to free himself from my hands, which lay upon his head; but I pressed it closer down, lest I should see his face.

"My darling brother, my dearest, best Godfrey, she counted herself unworthy of you. She is married, and gone away out of the country."

Then I stopped and listened, but there was a voiceless hush in that room; and the common empty sounds that reached us from without jarred and clashed upon my ears, while the beating temples under my fingers palpitated with fierce and feverish rapidity.

"O God!" he groaned at last, "it is impossible!"

Then I told him all, speaking in a whisper, as if she were dead, without one word of anger against her, because I felt he could not endure it yet. But of Mr. Wilson's treachery and worldliness I spoke with poignant bitterness, for he had acted cruelly in feeding Godfrey's love and hope for these two years. I said, too, that I would be his comforter, and devote myself to him; and for this reason I had concealed the truth from him until he could hear it thus.

While I was speaking, he to whom I had betrothed myself only three days before, and whom I had almost forgotten in the sight of Godfrey's misery, entered my studio with the assured step of one who had the freedom of it; and I instinctively at his coming withdrew from that close embrace in which we, a brother and sister, clasped each other. It was as though I forsook him in the fiercest moment of the storm that was beating down his hopes with a great fall, and slipped away into a safe and sunny refuge inaccessible to him. James Saville told him of our mutual love frankly and joyously; and Godfrey listened, gazing directly into our faces with features set like a mask of iron.

Till then I did not know the cruelty and jealousy of man's nature. The next morning, when I thought to take up again our broken thread of confidence, I found that Godfrey—my brother, in whom all my plans and hopes had centred all my life long, until this later and very different tie had been formed between James Saville and me; whom I loved no less because I loved another, nay, whom I loved more tenderly while this shadow of a separation was passing over us—had deserted me, had banished himself from his only remaining sanctuary of affection. Godfrey was gone, leaving a few poignant words of accusation, which charged me with willfully deceiving him by the concealment of Daisy's infidelity and my own betrothal.

Every effort of ours to track out my brother was fruitless; and after the lapse of some months I was married to James Saville, being alone with no one of my blood and kindred beside me, while he gathered me into the circle of his family. The autumn exhibitions were open in London, and to them he took his artist wife. Looking eagerly through the catalogue of the British Institution, I found the name I wanted, Godfrey Lincoln, the exhibition of two pictures that were praised highly; but the address appended to the name was that of a picture agent, and when I applied to him he could give me no information about my brother, except that his paintings were already sold at a high price.

Afterward, for years, I frequented every gallery of pictures where Godfrey exhibited, reading in his works a record of his wanderings. Sometimes he was in Norway, among wild, tempest-scarred rocks and storm-swept fiords; at others, in desert and volcanic Iceland; and again upon the pointed sierras of Spain. No eye saw the story in them which made them pathetic to me; no one fathomed the deep melancholy of those stormy seas, and gloomy skies, and desolate mountains; no one detected, as I did, in scarcely perceptible under-tints, sometimes in the transparent texture of a cloud, in the crest of a wave, in the ripple of an inland lake, or in the profile of a mountain, the delicate lines of a woman's face, which seemed to haunt the artist's soul, and blend itself with every work of his imagination. Whether Godfrey knew it or not, there was always in some passage of his landscapes a shadowy, undefined suggestion of Daisy's features, though he never introduced a woman's form into one of them. This was all I could learn of my brother, save that from time to time he sent me munificent gifts of money, to repay, he said, my toils and privations for his sake in past years. Ah! This was not the compensation I looked forward to, when I labored heartily for him at my poor, little, insignificant, water-color sketches.

Daisy's father died poor, and was therefore soon forgotten in his town; and her memory was almost lost to every one but me, until the mutiny in India awoke a feeling of personal interest in our fair young townswoman, now recollected with something of anxiety by her former school-fellows and old admirers. Vague reports were circulated now and then; rumors of awful massacre in which she was a victim, and of solitary death in the jungle; but the mutiny raged on, and we had no definite intelligence of her, and my resentment fading before the terrible peril of her position in that continent of bloodshed, I thought and prayed for Daisy as if she had been my sister.

So many years passed that my children were making me forget the time when I was Emma Lincoln, though I talked to them often of their Uncle Godfrey, and called one of my boys by his name; when I went, as was my custom, to an exhibition in Liverpool, where I could find again a clew to his recent life. His picture, well hung in a good light, arrested my eye in a moment; for before me I saw the peaked crag of Elmeth, our native hill, with the golden-green slopes of Wodenhill behind, darkening under the livid hues of a gathering thunder-cloud, just as we had often watched it in our childhood, holding tightly hand in hand, and bidding one another in frightened whispers not to be afraid. I gazed with my heart; and becoming a child again, wept childishly before my brother's picture of our birth-place.

I was yet standing there, with my veil drawn down to hide my tears, when a voice very low, and weak, and tremulous, addressed to me a question about the painting I seemed to scrutinize so closely. It was the shy and timid utterance I used to love in Daisy; and I saw that none other but Daisy herself, with sunken eyes where there dwelt a time-worn look of fear, and lips that trembled, and hands that grasped each other nervously, stood beside me, recognizing—not me, but the work of Godfrey, whom she had betrayed.

I took Daisy home to my lodgings, and heard her story; one that was but a repetition of the horrors I had read shudderingly, and which I had read only for her sake. Enough that she was come back to England a widow, with but one child remaining of the three that had been born to her. She was poor, moreover, having no other provision than the pension allotted to her; and when I resumed my old authority over her, and bade her come home with me to my family, she resigned herself to my guidance with the implicit dependence of her girlhood.

Therefore, seeking Godfrey, I have brought Daisy here, under the crag of Elmeth, which is engulfed in mist and clouds. She does not know, this fragile, broken-hearted, hopeless woman, that she is lying, dreaming dreams of the Indian perils, at the very foot of the hill where Godfrey has fixed his solitary home, and dwells apart, crushing down his best and happiest nature. To-morrow, when the sun looks over the brow of Wodenhill, a new life dawns for both.

It was an October morning when Daisy and I quitted the quiet village street, carpeted with almost untrodden leaves, and went slowly up the cart-road leading over the table-land to the other mountain villages. I led Daisy to the door through which Godfrey and I had passed in our early orphanage, to face the world together; and across it from lintel to threshold hung unbroken threads of cobweb, sparkling in the dew and sunlight. I listened to the breathless stillness, and looked around upon the desolation of the homestead, till my hope nearly died away.

"Oh, Daisy!" I cried, "you do not know this place. It is where we were born, Godfrey and I. These are our hills and meadows where we were children. When we came down yonder hill, and I remembered the days before we left home to live in your native town, and thought of all that might have been, and all that ought to have been, my spirit would have fainted but for the hope that this is his place of hiding. If he be here now, Daisy, and the clergyman, to whom I wrote when we found his picture of Elmeth, says he has been living here a long while, I look to you to restore my brother to me. It was you who deprived me of him. You must go to him with me. Forget your miserable marriage, which was unconsecrated and unblessed, and seek him as if you were the simple girl he loved eight years ago. Give me back my brother."

For a moment, as I spoke, a flush of youth came back to Daisy's face, and a gleam of light kindled upon it; but again as she turned from me, and lifted up her eyes to the fair and peaceful hills surrounding us, their dark irides dilated with terror, as though, if I could see the images painted on their retina, I should find a far different vision there. Then the heavy lids closed over them, the nervous fingers were twined closely, and Daisy's lips moved in a whisper. She seemed to utter a sort of prayer:

"Thou knewest that I was insensible to every sorrow that did not come home to me, and touch my own self; therefore Thou hast caused me to pass through seas of suffering, until Thou hast pierced even to my soul. Come a little nearer to me, O my Father, that I may lean upon Thy strength, now that my eyes are to see, and my ears are to hear, this trouble which I alone have wrought!"

On the other side of the house, which faced a sudden dip in the outline of the hill, overlooking the valley from whence I had seen the red light the evening before, there was a second entrance, through which Daisy and I found unobstructed access into the large kitchen. I noticed in a glance that with the impulse of habit the chief pieces of furniture were arranged in their accustomed places; but the stretchers covered with canvas, the half-finished pictures that were hung against the walls, and a bundle of pencils lying upon the deal table gave me certain assurance of Godfrey's residence, though the kitchen was untenanted. I could not tarry there, so near to the completion of my hopes, and leading Daisy quickly through, I ascended to the room where we, as children, had made our first essays at painting upon the white-washed walls. We heard the movements of some one within, deliberate footsteps passing hither and thither; and Daisy laid her hand upon the latch, and in a moment stood face to face with Godfrey.

The window in the southward gable was shroud-

ed to the topmost panes, and the sun, low-lying at that season, though it was now noontide, did not rise above the lintel, and shone in a stream of condensed brightness upon Daisy, as she stood just within the door, beside the easel where Godfrey was painting. The rest of the room was in comparative obscurity; but my eyes, educated to a rapid observation of effect in light and shade, discovered the glimmering forms of white plaster casts, and burnished bronze models, and draped lay-figures scattered about, with elaborated pictures, not of still, inanimate landscapes, but of vivid human life and interest. I saw them without looking, for my attention was riveted upon my brother. On his face, whose likeness I had so often painted that I knew every line, I was reading anxiously the record, the indelible, authentic register of these past years; the broad forehead furrowed with austere gloom; the dark, deep-set eyes fixed upon Daisy in a gaze of concentrated intensity that never wavered into softness; the lips locked into morose reticence and disdain. He did not glance toward me, and for a minute or two we all stood motionless and speechless.

"You have been avenged," said Daisy, her eyes drooping before Godfrey's gaze; and she spoke in a calm, passionateless tone of suffering, as if she was resuming an interrupted confession which had been often repeated and learned with much labor. "You have been avenged sorely. I did not know myself, nor did you know me, or you would never have laid upon me the trial of a long separation. If I was not assured every day of love, it died out of my consciousness, and I turned elsewhere. Even my father I used to think little of when he was not present. The long weeks and months, and the distance of many miles between us, blotted out the reality of our engagement. It was only what I saw that I could feel; and when I never met your eyes looking on me, nor heard your voice calling me, nor felt your hand holding mine, I forgot you. And my cousin was there, always with me from morning till night, meeting me every where with some demonstration of his passionate love; and my father urged me, and Emma was gone away as well as you, so that I had no one to help me to be true to you. I was true to my nature, Godfrey; if you had understood me, you would not have trusted me to myself; at your side, and leaning upon you, I could have been faithful, but not alone as I was left. I did love you as I could love, and you have been avenged. Since I was false to you, I have been made to look upon all misery with wide-open eyes that could not close to shut it out; and now that I am here before you, never having seen your face since that day when you left me to be away for two long years, and I could die for very sorrow at your feet, I meet neither love nor pardon, but irreconcilable hatred."

"No, no, not hatred, Daisy!" I exclaimed, advancing to her side, and encountering Godfrey's momentary glance.

"Yes, hatred!" she continued, looking up wistfully into his dark face; "your heart does not move toward me for an instant. If you had loved me less you could not hate me now. I come to you from visions of murder and massacre, from burning homes, and files of dying men, and the sufferings of women perishing by hunger, and thirst, and awful terror; from the cruel death of my husband and the unburied bodies of my children, seen, *seen* until the misery is burned into my memory, and I can not forget it even in my sleep. I come to you broken-hearted, with only a wretched remnant of life, in the hope of restoring you to yourself and to Emma, who has been constant to you with the fidelity of a true woman. Yet you are like a rock to me. I measure your first love by the implacable hatred which no one ever felt before for me; and it torments me. Godfrey, pity me; give me one morsel of consolation before I die!"

"Margaret Wilson," he said, "you have spoken truly of your nature. You are a woman—the creature of the moment—swayed by any passion. Just now you imagine you could die at my feet in a paroxysm of penitence and sorrow, but before you could descend into yonder valley you would be ready for another emotion as vehement and unreasoning. I can not tell for what you have followed me. If you can not bear to see any but fair scenes, why did you come up here to look upon the solitude of the life to which you doomed me? What did you hope for? What effect is this wild appeal to have upon me? Your tribulation has no charm for me; there is no balm to be extracted from the knowledge of your misery. I would not have had you crushed, poor fluttering creature, any more than I would exert my strength to crush a butterfly upon the moors. If this be all you came for, to expend the futile passion of an hour, you may return home. If it be aid you want, I have money for you, money that will satisfy you, for I am no longer a poor and unknown artist."

"Kill her at once, Godfrey," I cried, indignantly.

"Nay, Emma," he answered, "no words of mine can wound her, if she has passed alive through the troubles she speaks of! What, shall a woman, a delicate, tender-hearted woman, come from the murder of her husband and the death of her children, to be killed at last by the reproaches of a discarded lover? Why did you come to rob me of the peace I have gleaned painfully from these blighted harvests of hope and love? Of women I have known only you two, and the models of the life-school; I have had little reason to seek your society. Here at least, away from you, I can think of you as I would have you to be. These are my visions of womanhood and home."

He drew aside the curtain, and let the sunlight in upon his pictures, upon groups of happy children, with a mother whose face was Daisy's as it might have been, developing from her lovely girlhood into a maturity of womanly and matronly beauty. Godfrey had ceased to look at her; but I, comparing the sweet and joyous features with her face as life had painted it, saw the hollow lines, and grave, mournful eyes in a new light, and with a sudden apprehension.

But I saw in a recess of the attic, which was still in deep shadow from a curtain falling over it, some strange object half visible, that made me think of the case in which Godfrey had brought home that first painting of his, and I moved toward it. Then for an instant he placed himself before Daisy, so as to intercept her view, but he drew back again with a half-smile of contempt.

"A boyish whim," he said, "executed in the first madness of disappointment. I am thoroughly ashamed of it, yet I keep it for the portrait."

A coffin, in which was painted his own face as he had been eight years ago, only with closed eyes, and with the colorless and livid hues of death. I, his sister, felt a sudden chill and shivering, as though I had pressed my lips upon a marble forehead, and the cold contact had numbed my warm life-current; while Daisy, coming swiftly to my side at my start of fear, bent down and read the inscription on the plate: "Godfrey Lincoln. Died August 28, 1850." It was the date of her own marriage; and muttering the words to herself, she fell helplessly to the ground.

"Ah, Godfrey! There is no efficacy now in that tide of tenderness sweeping back from the dull, low ebb of hatred. Gather her in your strong arms, and wrap her to your breast, but she shall be conscious of no shelter or refuge there. Pierce her ears with words of repentance and self-accusation, call aloud upon her by your own old fond name of Daisy; there is no echo, no entrance to her tortured brain. It was given to you to bless her weary eyes with one more sight of forgiving love, and to sound one more note of harmony in her jarring life, and you would not. She is deaf and dumb and dead to you forever now!

So I thought, not daring to interfere with Godfrey's distracted efforts to recall Daisy to consciousness; but she was not to leave us thus, hunted by hatred as well as terror into the mysterious life hereafter. We carried her to the bedroom where our mother died, bidding Godfrey and me to cleave to one another, and she lingered there long enough to rest a little from the troubles of the world—dwelling in an ante-chamber of repose and consolation—to recover some strength, before she went hence, and was no more seen. Godfrey and I were with her, and her little child, whom we sent for to the mother's dying-place among the autumnal hills, and Godfrey received the orphan into his heart of hearts, for her sake promising to quit his retreat, and dwell near to me, where she, the little Daisy, could find brothers and sisters among my children.

I sat with the child upon my lap, looking out upon the moonlit hills, and the fir-coppice, bearing aloft the homes of its colony of sleeping birds, and the dimly-seen village, lying in the valley like a fledgeling in the shelter of a nest, and I was thinking sadly how we mothers never knew what path across the wide wilderness of life our little ones might have to tread. I did not care to turn my face toward the room, nor would I, by any word or movement, interrupt the communion, often silent for many minutes, which Godfrey and Daisy held together in low tones. Yet oh, how different to the love-like conversations of former days!

"You will be happy," said Daisy.

"I shall be happier," he answered.

We buried Daisy beside our mother, and Godfrey came home to live near me. But we keep up the old homestead; the hedges are planted again on their ancient boundaries; the garden is inclosed and cultivated; the front door is unfastened, and its threshold trodden by many footsteps, during every month of the summer time, when Godfrey and I come down, with our children, to study and paint among the hills. Sometimes, when I have tried to discover what thoughts are hidden under Godfrey's grave face—for he is, and always will be, reserved and reticent now—I fancy he is thinking what I do—that if Daisy had come back to us, and found him a happy man, surrounded by children, even though he was altogether separated from and independent of her, we might have healed her broken spirit, and won her to a placid and even life of peace upon this troubled earth.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

WE devote page 772 to illustrations of the BATTLE OF BELMONT, which took place on 7th inst., the day of the bombardment of the rebel batteries at Hilton Head. The following account of the battle we condense from the Chicago *Times:*

On the night of 6th a strong force of Federals, comprising the Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth, Twenty-second, and Thirty-first Illinois, Seventh Iowa, Taylor's Battery, Delano's Cavalry, and other troops, left Cairo on the steamers *Alex. Scott*, *Chancellor*, *Memphis*, and *Keystone State*—the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington* accompanying. The troops were landed on Lucas Bend, three miles above Columbus, formed in line of battle there, and marched upon the camp of the enemy. General M'Clernand was in command of the Cairo troops, Colonel Dougherty of those from Bird's Point, and General Grant of the entire force. For two and a half miles, up to the camp of the enemy, through the woods, the ground was hotly contested, but the enemy were driven back. Colonel Buford was assigned the right, Fouke the centre, and Logan the left. Colonel Buford's regiment carried the first United States flag into the rebel's camp. Colonel Dougherty's Twenty-second regiment captured the enemy's battery of twelve guns, but Fouke's regiment suffered most from their fire. The Twenty-second and Thirtieth Regiments were at right angles, leaving the Thirtieth nearly in front of the batteries, and the Twenty-second to one side of them. The Thirtieth then charged into an ambuscade, encountering desperate resistance. Being reinforced by Logan's Thirty-first, the enemy were routed with great loss, and sixty prisoners taken. The enemy's camp was fired and totally destroyed. The batteries on the Kentucky shore, finding our troops in possession of their Missouri camp, opened fire upon them. Lieutenant Hettman, with Company F of the Thirtieth, which had been sent by Colonel Fouke as scouters, here reported that the enemy were crossing from Kentucky, threatening our rear. The order was given to return to the boats, when our troops were confronted by several thousand men, who had been sent from Columbus. Another terrible engagement ensued. The major portion of our troops reached the boats, but every regiment suffered fearfully.

The large picture on page 772 represents Colonel Dougherty leading the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment into the rebel camp and capturing the rebel battery. One of the vignettes above represents the gun-boat *Tyler* shelling a party of rebels who attempted to interfere with the embarkation of our troops after the battle. A few rounds of grape and shell very quickly dispersed them, and the fleet departed in safety. These two pictures are from sketches by our attentive correspondent, Mr. Bill D. Travis, of the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment.

The picture of the Mississippi River, showing the site of Columbus and Cairo, is from another source. It and the map accompanying will render the accounts of the fight perfectly intelligible. Belmont is a miserable little village, consisting of a very few houses.

THE FIGHT AT THE SOUTH-WEST PASS.

ON page 773 we publish a couple of illustrations of the conflict between our blockading squadron and Commodore Hollins's rebel flotilla, which took place on 12th October; and on page 774 three views of the SOUTHWEST PASS, where the fight took place. The former are from sketches by an officer on board the *Richmond*, who writes as follows:

UNITED STATES STEAM CORVETTE "RICHMOND,"
OFF PASS A L'OUTRE, MISS., *Oct.* 23, 1861.

At 3.45 on the morning of the 12th the look-out discovered a small, low, dark object stealthily approaching our vessel, emitting a volume of black smoke, totally hiding from our vision her form. The drum beat to quarters. In a moment every one was at his station, guns transported to their respective ports. But before we could slip cable and prepare our ship to receive the blow the infernal machine gave us a powerful blow on our port bow, causing us to leak quite freely. Every eye was brought into requisition to get a glimpse of her; but owing to the darkness we could form but a poor idea of her shape or size. Soon as she struck us a red rocket was sent up as a signal to her companions she had succeeded. She then passed along our quarter, sent up another, this time white. She then left us, only to return with *three* large flat-boats, converted into fire-ships, chained together, and monopolizing the whole channel. Immediately in the rear several steamers and a large bark, filled with either spectators or New Orleans pirates, followed. The scene was truly grand. Surrounded by a wall of fire, ship making water, expecting every moment to be blown into eternity, we were at a loss what to do. Our Captain concluded to retreat down the river. We signaled the other vessels to the same effect, ordering them to lead the van. They being sailing craft, needed us to cover their retreat. We finally reached the Gulf in safety, followed by the rebel fleet. *Preble* ahead, safely brought over the bar by her experienced pilot; *Vincennes* close at hand, but unfortunately grounded, presenting her stern to the enemy, thereby rendering her useless. We also grounded, but luckily in such a way that we could bring to bear our whole broadside. The rebel fleet still advanced. We made all preparations to give them a hearty reception. They opened the ball by a well-directed shot from the audacious little *Ivy*. We now got cleverly to work: shots flying thick and fast, all directed at our ship—they no doubt supposing we were in a sinking condition, and that the poor old *Vincennes* would fall an easy prey, she being within pistol-shot. I am ashamed to inform you that her commander abandoned her—a very unnecessary action, as the enemy never could have taken her as long as a plank of the gallant *Richmond* hung together. We finally drove them up the river, after expending some sixteen hundred pounds of powder. Not a life was lost, although the rebels reported our loss to be some three or four hundred. The battle continued two hours and thirty minutes. Several of our shot took effect, but to what extent can't say.

The United States gun-boat *M'Clellan* came to our assistance the same afternoon, and by the undaunted perseverance and skill of her worthy Captain (Gray) we were once more afloat. We are sadly in need of suitable vessels. What we want are gun-boats of light draught, capable of crossing the bar, and able to manœuvre in any part of the river.

Of the three views of the Southwest Pass, the first was taken off the bar looking up the Pass. The terminus of the delta is seen both to right and left of the Pass; detached masses of the delta are seen in different places upon the surface of the water, held together by vegetation. Pilots say that, at times, large masses will rise from the bottom to the surface, when vegetation will instantly commence. In this view Pilot Town is seen in a northerly direction, six miles distant on the right. To the left is the Tower Light-house, near the extremity of the land.

The second view is a sketch of the West Bank of the Pass, taken nearly opposite the Light-house, overlooking the narrow strip of land which extends up the Pass for a distance of about forty miles. From two to three miles above the Light-house on the right is Pilot Town.

The third view was taken off the Town, and shows nearly every building in the place. Several attempts have been made to sketch this town; our artist believes that the view we publish is the first which has proved successful. Pilot Town is an old and dilapidated place of a few hundred inhabitants, chiefly pilots and their families, fishermen, and oystermen. The Observatories which are seen in the sketch are used by the pilots in watching for vessels outside. In an easterly direction, twelve miles off, may be seen the Light-house at the extremity of the South or Middle Pass. The ship in the distance, to the right, lies off the South Pass.

GENERAL BUTLER'S NEW EXPEDITION.

WE publish on page 780 an illustration of the EMBARKATION OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS AND NINTH CONNECTICUT REGIMENTS ON BOARD THE STEAMER "CONSTITUTION," which is to sail shortly for a Southern point, to land an expedition to be commanded by General Butler. A correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the arrival of the *Constitution* at Boston:

The expected steamer *Constitution* arrived at half past ten this morning, and as she rounded up to the end of Long Wharf an immense concourse of people gazed in admiration at her perfect model and the beauty of her lines. She reached this port last night, but anchored off the lower light until morning.

She made the trip from New York in twenty-nine hours and ten minutes, and so thoroughly did she work that her engines were never stopped from the moment she started until she anchored at Boston. This, in a new ship, is almost unprecedented. She is the largest ship ever built on this continent, and the largest wooden steamer in the world; but she hardly rolled at all, although it blew a perfect gale during the whole of her passage.

It is stated that her capacities will be severely tested in carrying three thousand soldiers, but I am assured by Mr. Culver, who was the assistant superintendent in building her, that she can carry that number with ease and comfort. She is of 2500 tons burden.

CAMP NEVIN, KENTUCKY.

ON page 775 we publish a view of CAMP NEVIN, Kentucky, from a sketch by Mr. H. Mosler. This is the camp where General M'Cook commands, and it is, we believe, the nearest camp to the rebel force at Bowling Green. The artillery shown in the foreground is Cotter's six gun battery, which served under M'Clellan in Western Virginia.

OUR ARMY ON HILTON HEAD.

OUR special artist, with General Sherman's army, sends us three sketches, which we reproduce on page 773, and writes as follows concerning them:

HEAD-QUARTERS GENERAL VIELE'S BRIGADE,
HILTON HEAD.

OUR PICKET AT GENERAL DRAYTON'S MANSION.

A few moments' walk through a corn and cotton field, and along a road bordered on one side by a sweet-potato patch, and on the other by a genuine jungle, tangled and impenetrable, leads us from our head-quarters to the mansion just vacated by General Drayton. The approach to the old homestead is by a long, straight, level avenue, well-shaded by stately live-oaks, and any thing but improved in appearance by a double series of negro huts. These are still occupied by a few knotty-looking contrabands. The General's whilom residence stands at the top of a gently sloping hill, and is thickly hemmed in by orange, cedar, pine, oak, and other trees, through whose clustering branches one now and then sees Port Royal.

LANDING-PLACE AND THE STORE-HOUSE.

The Hilton Head beach affords no natural advantages for unlading vessels, and the task thus far has been attended with great difficulties. The Serrell engineer regiment have constructed a temporary pier, where the surf-boats, yawls, launches, cutters, and scows, that ply to and from the different steamers, can come alongside without grounding. They have also built a store-house capable of containing nearly all the goods thus far brought here. In the sketch which we give elsewhere of this locality will also be observed the hospital of the new military dépôt—marked by its red flag. The shore presents a busy scene from daylight till sunset.

POST-OFFICE.

The new Port Royal Post-office is located in rear of General Sherman's head-quarters, and is tolerably water-proof in many places. Originally a cotton-house, belonging to Squire Pope, it has now become the resort of letters of all descriptions, and has attractions alike for the General of Brigade and the man-of-war's Jack-of-the-Dust. On the arrival of the fleet all mails were sorted on board the flag-ship; but the army and navy, it was found, belonged to so many sweet-hearts and wives that the *Wabash* was not roomy enough to contain their ever-coming letters without invading the heavy guns, so the bags were ordered ashore, and lodged in the building which our artist represents in the accompanying sketch.

THE GREAT REVIEW.

ON 20th November General M'Clellan reviewed 70,000 men near Bailey's Cross Roads, and our attentive artist sketched the scene. We reproduce his picture on pages 776 and 777, and subjoin the following account of the Review, which we condense from the *Herald:*

In the upper and lower divisions, General M'Call's and General Heintzelman's, from which a march of some eight or ten miles had to be made, the troops were astir at from two to three o'clock in the morning, and were on the march long before daylight. All of the seven divisions on the Virginia side of the Potomac were represented in the review, but enough were left in each to supply double the usual picket force to guard the camps, and a reserve in addition strong enough to repel any attack in force the enemy could make.

As early as nine o'clock the head of the column of General Blenker's division, the head-quarters of which are nearest to Bailey's, began to arrive at the grounds from the Washington road. Soon after General M'Dowell's advance-guard appeared on the road, entering the grounds from the same direction, but further to the west. Next came the head of General Franklin's column, approaching from the Alexandria road; and soon after the division of General Smith began to enter the grounds from the direction of Fall's Church. General Fitz John Porter was next on the ground, bringing his forces by still another road. The troops now poured in from all directions, those under General Heintzelman following General Franklin's division, and the column of General M'Call succeeding that of General Smith, and continued without cessation until half past eleven o'clock.

For the last hour the scene was enlivening and brilliant beyond description. The whole immense area of the review grounds was covered with moving masses of men. More than twenty generals, commanding divisions and brigades, with five times the number of staff officers, mounted upon high mettled and richly caparisoned horses, were dashing through the grounds in every direction, superintending the placing in position of the various divisions, brigades, and regiments. Brigades are marching toward every possible point of the compass—some slowly, some in double-quick time, some wheeling into line, others standing in position. Here comes a regiment of cavalry, moving toward its designated station, wheeling to the right at this point and to the left at that, to avoid coming in contact with the moving masses of infantry. There goes a column of artillery, a mile in length, pursuing its way to its destination through bodies of infantry and cavalry.

And so the movements go on, seemingly in confusion, and yet, under the admirable management of General M'Dowell, who directs every thing, in most perfect order, until there have arrived and taken the various positions assigned not less than seventy thousand men, including seven regiments of cavalry, numbering some eight thousand men, and twenty batteries of artillery, numbering a hundred and twenty pieces.

After the arrival of the President and Cabinet and Commander-in-Chief, preparation was made for marching the troops in review. The honor of leading the column was assigned to the First Rifle Regiment of Pennsylvania Reserve, familiarly known as the "Bucktail Regiment." This regiment was with General M'Clellan in Western Virginia, and was particularly admired for the steadiness and regularity of its movements, and the soldierlike bearing of the men. Some three hours were occupied by the troops in passing. The divisions passed in the following order:

First. General M'Call's division, composed of the brigades of Generals Meade, Reynolds, and Ord.

Second. General Heintzelman's division, composed of the brigades of Generals Sedgwick, Jamison, and Richardson.

Third. General Smith's division, composed of the brigades of Generals Hancock, Brooks, and Benham.

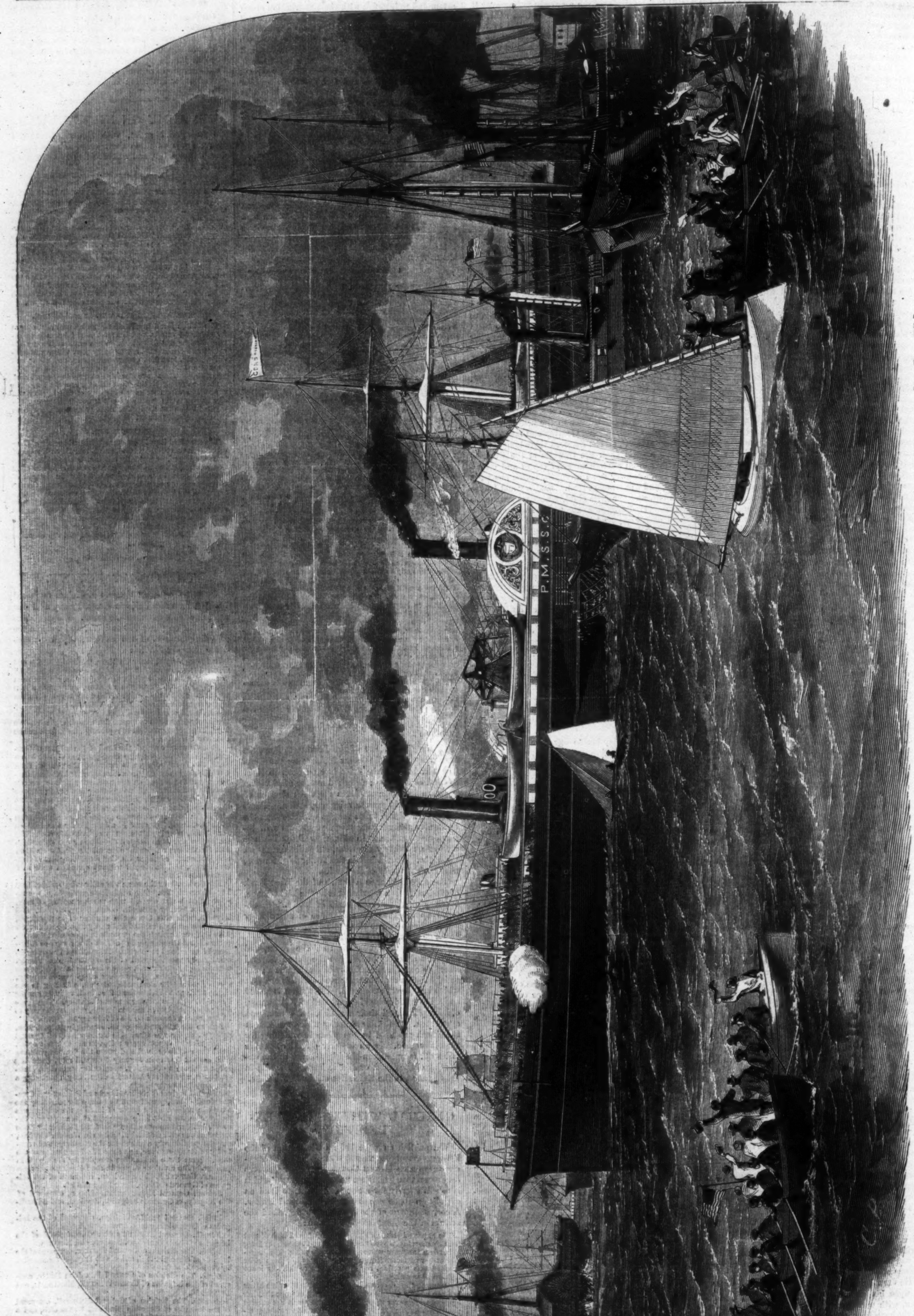
Fourth. General Franklin's division, composed of the brigades of Generals Slocum, Newton, and Kearney.

Fifth. The division of General Blenker, composed of the brigade of General Stahl, and of two brigades commanded by senior Colonels.

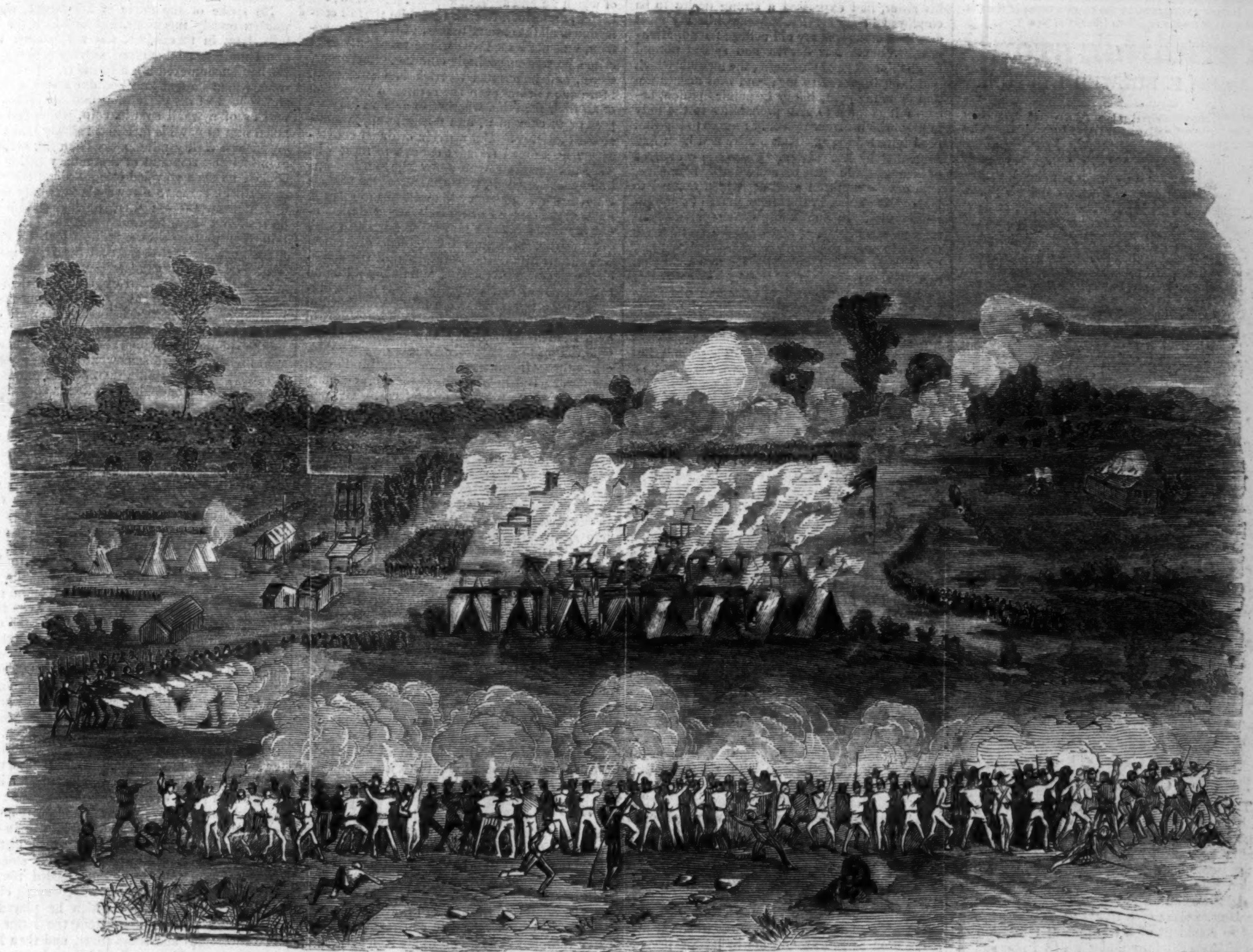
Sixth. The division of General Fitz John Porter, composed of the brigades of Generals Morell, Martindale, and Butterfield.

Seventh. The division of General M'Dowell, composed of the brigades of Generals King and Wadsworth, and a brigade now commanded by Colonel Frisbie.

The passage of this large army of volunteers elicited the strongest praise from the very formidable body of old army officers who sat in review. General Sumner, who now for the first time since his return from the Pacific witnessed an exhibition of the progress in drill of the volunteers, expressed much surprise that men drawn from civil life should, in so short a period, have been able to compete in soldierly appearance with the veterans of the regular army.



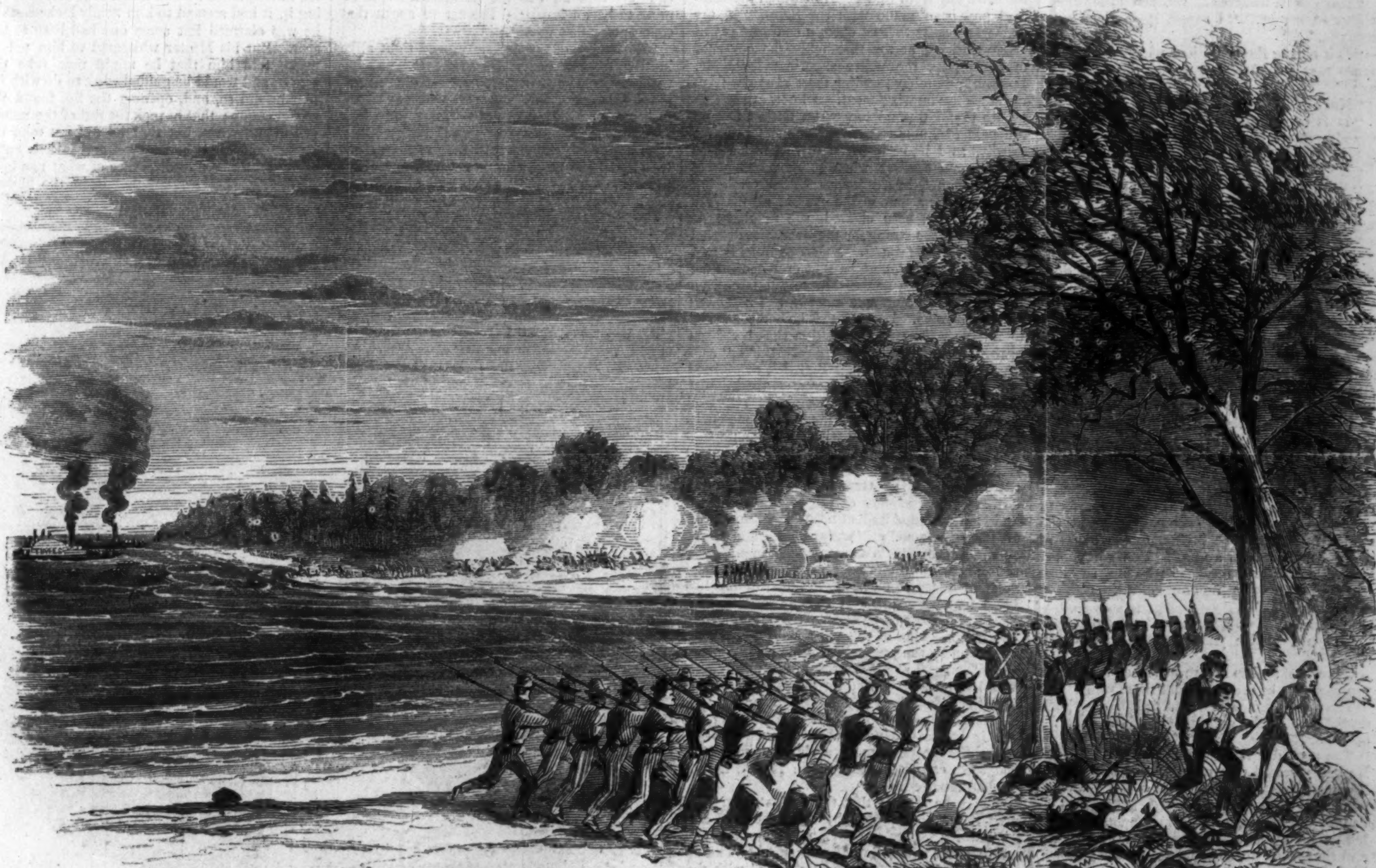
THE STEAMSHIP "CONSTITUTION" LEAVING BOSTON WITH TROOPS ON GENERAL BUTLER'S SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.—[See Page 779.]



THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA, OCTOBER 9, 1861.—THE ATTACK UPON WILSON'S CAMP.—[SKETCHED BY MR. CHARLES F. ALLGOUER.]

THE BATTLE AT SANTA ROSA.

WE herewith publish, from sketches by Mr. Charles F. Allgouer, Sixth New York Volunteers, two illustrations of the battle of 9th October on Santa Rosa Island. We have heretofore described the affair very fully, and will only now add that the rebels, under General Anderson, crossed over by night and surprised Colonel Wilson's camp; that Wilson's men, after a short retreat, rallied, and drove back the enemy; and that the rout of the assailants was completed by the appearance on the scene of some companies of regulars, who chased them to their boats, and peppered them well as they were embarking. Since then the rebels have made another attempt to disturb our forces on Santa Rosa Island. They landed about a mile and a half from Wilson's camp, but were discovered by one of the men-of-war, and shelled off with considerable loss and in great confusion.



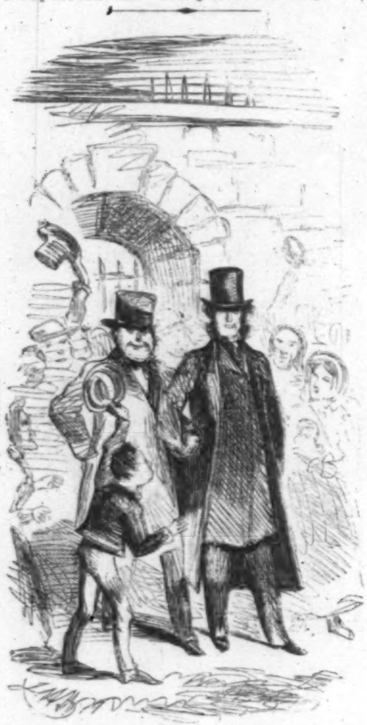
THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA.—THE REBELS DRIVEN BY THE REGULARS TO THEIR BOATS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. CHARLES F. ALLGOUER.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XLI.

The lawyer came the next day, and almost with a smile on his lips. He brought me a few lines in pencil from Mrs. Ashleigh; they were kindly expressed, bade me be of good cheer; "she never for a moment believed" my guilt; Lilian bore up wonderfully under so terrible a trial; it was an unspeakable comfort to both to receive the visits of a friend so attached to me, and so confident of a triumphant refutation of the hideous calumny under which I now suffered, as Mr. Margrave!

The lawyer had seen Margrave again—seen him in that house. Margrave seemed almost domiciled there!

I remained sullen and taciturn during this visit. I longed again for the night. Night came. I heard the distant clock strike twelve, when again the icy wind passed through my hair, and against the wall stood the Luminous Shadow.

"Have you considered?" whispered the voice, still as from afar. "I repeat it—I alone can save you."

"Is it among the conditions which you ask in return that I shall resign to you the woman I love?"

"No."

"Is it one of the conditions that I should commit some crime—a crime perhaps heinous as that of which I am accused?"

"No."

"With such reservations I accept the conditions you may name, provided I, in my turn, may demand one condition from yourself."

"Name it."

"I ask you to quit this town. I ask you, meanwhile, to cease your visits to the house that holds the woman betrothed to me."

"I will cease those visits. And before many days are over I will quit this town."

"Now, then, say what you ask from me. I am prepared to concede it. And not from fear for myself, but because I fear for the pure and innocent being who is under the spell of your deadly fascination. This is your power over me. You command me through my love for another. Speak!"

"My conditions are simple. You will pledge yourself to desist from all charge or insinuation against myself, of what nature soever. You will not, when you meet me in the flesh, refer to what you have known of my likeness in the shadow. You will be invited to the house at which I may be also a guest. You will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks with guest in the house of a host."

"Is that all?"

"It is all."

"Then I pledge you my faith; keep your own."

"Fear not; sleep secure in the certainty that you will soon be released from these walls."

The Scin-Læca waned and faded. Darkness settled back, and a sleep profound and calm fell over me.

The next day Mr. Stanton again visited me. He had received that morning a note from Mr. Margrave, stating that he had left L—— to pursue in person an investigation which he had already commenced through another, affecting the man who had given evidence against me, and that if his hope should prove well-founded, he trusted to establish my innocence and convict the real murderer of Sir Philip Derval. In the research he thus volunteered he had asked for and obtained the assistance of the policeman Waby, who, grateful to me for saving the life of his sister, had expressed a strong desire to be employed in my service. Meanwhile my most cruel assailant was my old college friend, Richard Strahan. For Jeeves had spread abroad Strahan's charge of purloining the memoir which had been intrusted to me; and that accusation had done me great injury in public opinion, because it seemed to give probability to the only motive which ingenuity could ascribe to the foul deed imputed to me. That motive had been first suggested by Mr. Vigors. Cases are on record of men whose life had been previously blameless, who have committed a crime, which seemed to belie their nature, in the monomania of some intense desire. In Spain, a scholar reputed of austere morals murdered and robbed a traveler for money in order to purchase books—written, too, by Fathers of his Church! He was intent on solving some problem of theological casuistry. In France, an antiquarian, esteemed not more for his learning than for amiable and gentle qualities, murdered his most intimate friend for the possession of a medal, without which his own collection was incomplete. These, and similar anecdotes, tending to prove the effect of a morbid enthusiasm in producing moral insanity, were whispered about by Dr. Lloyd's vindictive partisan, and were received with the more credence because of the unfamiliar and over-refining speculation on motive and act which gratified the vanity of the shallow.

I was known to be fond of scientific, especially of chemical experiments; to be eager in testing the truth of any novel invention. Strahan, catching hold of the magistrate's fantastic hypothesis, went about repeating anecdotes of the absorbing passion for analysis and discovery which had characterized me in youth as a medical student, and to which, indeed, I owed the precocious reputation I had acquired.

Sir Philip Derval, according not only to report, but according to the direct testimony of his servant, had acquired in his travels many secrets in natural science, especially as connected with the healing art—his servant had deposed to the remarkable cures he had effected by the medicinals stored in the stolen casket—doubtless Sir Philip, in boasting of these medicinals in the course of our conversation, had excited my curiosity, influenced my imagination, and, meeting him suddenly afterward in a lone spot, a passionate impulse had acted on a brain heated into madness by curiosity and covetous desire. All these suppositions, reduced into system, were corroborated by Strahan's charge that I had made away with the manuscript supposed to contain the explanations of the medical agencies employed by Sir Philip, and had sought to shelter my theft by a tale so improbable that a man of my reputed talent could not have hazarded it if in his sound senses. I saw the web that had thus been spread around me by hostile prepossessions and ignorant gossip: how could the arts of Margrave scatter that web to the winds? I knew not, but I felt confidence in his promise and his power. Still, so great had been my alarm for Lilian, that the hope of clearing my own innocence was almost lost in my joy that Margrave at least was no longer in her presence, and that I had received his pledge to quit the town in which she lived.

Thus hours rolled on hours, till, I think, on the third day from that night in which the compact had been made with the Scin-Læca, my door was hastily thrown open, a confused crowd presented itself at the threshold—the governor of the prison, the police superintendent, Mr. Stanton, and other familiar faces shut out from me since my imprisonment. I knew at the first glance that I was no longer an outlaw beyond the pale of human friendship. And proudly, sternly, as I had supported myself hitherto in solitude and anxiety, when I felt warm hands clasping mine, heard joyous voices proffering congratulations, saw in the eyes of all that my innocence had been cleared, the revulsion of emotion was too strong for me—the room reeled on my sight—I fainted. I pass as quickly as I can over the explanations that crowded on me when I recovered, and that were publicly given in evidence in Court next morning. I had owed all to Margrave. It seems that he had construed to my favor the very supposition that had been bruited abroad to my prejudice. "For," said he, "it is conjectured that Fenwick committed the crime of which he is accused on the impulse of a disordered reason. That conjecture is based upon the probability that a madman alone could have committed a crime without adequate motive. But it seems quite clear that the accused is not mad; and there seems cause to suspect that the accuser is. Grounding this assumption on the current reports of the witness's manner and bearing since he had been placed under official surveillance." Margrave had commissioned the policeman, Waby, to make inquiries in the villages to which the accuser asserted he had gone in quest of his relations, and Waby had there found persons who remembered to have heard that the two brothers named Walls lived less by the gains of the petty shop which they kept than by the proceeds of some property consigned to them as the nearest of kin to a lunatic who had once been tried for his life. Margrave had then examined the advertisements in the daily newspapers—one of them, warning the public against a dangerous maniac who had effected his escape from an asylum in the west of England, caught his attention; to that asylum he had repaired.

There he learned that the patient advertised was one whose propensity was homicide, consigned for life to the asylum on account of a murder, for which he had been tried. The description of this person exactly tallied with that of the pretended American. The keeper, hearing all particulars from Margrave, professed a strong persuasion that the witness was his missing patient, and had himself committed the crime of which he had accused another. If so, he, the keeper, undertook to coax from him the full confession of all the circumstances. Like other madmen, and not least those whose propensity is to crime, he was exceedingly cunning, treacherous, secret, and habituated to trick and stratagem. More subtle than even the astute, in possession of all their faculties, whether to achieve his purpose or to conceal it, and fabricate appearances against another. But while in ordinary conversation he seemed rational enough to those who were not accustomed to study him, he had one hallucination which, when humored, led him always, not only to betray himself, but to glory in any crime proposed or committed. He was under the belief that he had made a bargain with Satan, who, in return for implicit obedience, would bear him harmless through all the consequences of such submission, and finally raise him to great power and authority. It is not uncommon with criminal madmen to suppose they are under the influence of the Evil One, or possessed by a Demon. Murderers have assigned as the only reason they themselves could give for their crime that "the devil got into them," and urged the deed. But in all madness the most ordinary attribute is superweening self-esteem. The maniac who has been removed from a garret sticks straws in his hair and calls them a crown. To imagine themselves heroes and emperors, or special favorites of Heaven, is no unfrequent delusion of the insane. So much does inordinate self-esteem characterize mental aberration, that in the course of my own practice I have detected in the presence of that proud infirmity the certain symptom of insanity, especially moral insanity, long before the brain had made the disease manifest even to the most familiar kindred.

This morbid self-esteem was accordingly a part of the dreadful illusion by which the man I am now speaking of was possessed. He was proud to be the protected agent of the Fallen Angel. And if that self-esteem were artfully appealed to, he would exult superbly in the evil he held himself ordered to perform, as if a special prerogative, an official rank and privilege; then he would be led on to boast gleefully of thoughts which the most cynical of criminals, in whom intelligence was not ruined, would shrink from owning. Then he would reveal himself in all his deformity with as complacent and frank a self-glorying as some vain good man displays in parading his amiable sentiments and his beneficent deeds.

"If," said the keeper, "this be the patient who has escaped from me, and if his propensity to homicide has been in some way directed toward the person who has been murdered, I shall not be with him a quarter of an hour before he will inform me how it happened, and detail the arts he employed in shifting his crime upon another—all will be told with as simple and faithful a minuteness as a child puts into his tale of some schoolboy exploit which he fancies will raise him in your estimation."

Margrave brought this keeper back to L——, took him to the mayor, who was one of my warmest supporters; the mayor had sufficient influence to dictate and arrange the rest. The keeper was introduced to the room in which the pretended American was lodged. At his own desire a select number of witnesses were admitted with him—Margrave excused himself; he said candidly that he was too intimate a friend of mine to be an impartial listener to aught that concerned me so nearly.

The keeper of the asylum proved right alike in his suspicions and in his promises. The lying witness was his missing patient; the man recognized his keeper with but little apparent terror, rather with an air of condescension, and in a very few minutes was led to tell his own tale, with a gloating complacency both at the agency by which he deemed himself exalted, and at the dextrous cunning with which he had acquitted himself of the task, that increased the horror of his dreadful narrative.

He spoke of the mode of his escape, which was extremely ingenious, but of which the details, long in themselves, did not interest me, and I understood them too imperfectly to repeat. He had encountered a sea-faring traveler on the road, whom he had knocked down with a stone and robbed of his glazed hat and pea-jacket, as well as of a small sum in coin, which last enabled him to pay his fare in a railway that conveyed him eighty miles away from the asylum. Some trifling remnant of this money still in his pocket, he then traveled on foot along the high road till he came to a town about twenty miles distant from L——; there he had staid a day or two, and there he said "that the Devil had told him to buy a case-knife, which he did." "He knew by that order that the Devil meant him to do something great." "His Master," as he called the fiend, then directed him the road he should take. He came to L——, put up, as he had correctly stated before, at a small inn, wandered at night about the town, was surprised by the sudden storm, took shelter under the convent arch, overheard somewhat more of my conversation with Sir Philip than he had previously deposed—heard enough to excite his curiosity as to the casket? "While he listened, his Master told him that he must get possession of that casket." Sir Philip had quitted the archway almost immediately after I had done so, and he would then have attacked him if he had not caught sight of a policeman going his rounds. He had followed Sir Philip to a house (Mr. Jeeves's). "His Master told him to wait and watch." He did so. When Sir Philip came forth, toward the dawn, he followed him, saw him enter a narrow street, came up to him, seized him by the arm, demanded all he had about him. Sir Philip tried to shake him off—struck at him. What follows, I spare the reader. The deed was done. He robbed the dead man both of the casket and of a purse that he found in the pockets; had scarcely done so when he heard footsteps. He had just time to get behind the portico of a detached house at angles with the street when I came up. He witnessed from his hiding-place the brief conference between myself and the policemen, and when they moved on, bearing the body, stole unobserved away. He was going back toward the inn when it occurred to him that it would be safer if the casket and purse were not about his person; that he asked his Master to direct him how to dispose of them; that his Master guided him to an open yard (a stone-mason's), at a very little distance from the inn; that in this yard there stood an old wych-elm tree, from the gnarled roots of which the earth was worn away, leaving chinks and hollows, in one of which he placed the casket and purse, taking from the latter only two sovereigns and some silver, and then heaping loose mould over the hiding-place. That he then repaired to his inn, and left it late in the morning, on the pretense of seeking for his relatives—persons, indeed, who really had been related to him, but of whose death years ago he was aware. He returned to L—— a few days afterward, and, in the dead of the night, went to take up the casket and the money. He found the purse with its contents undisturbed, but the lid of the casket was unclosed. From the hasty glance he had taken of it before burying it, it had seemed to him firmly locked—that he was alarmed lest some one had been to the spot. But his Master whispered to him not to mind, told him that he might now take the casket, and would be guided what to do with it; that he did so, and, opening the lid, found the casket empty; that he took the rest of the money out of the purse, but that he did not take the purse itself, for it had a crest and initials on it, which might lead to discovery of what had been done; that he therefore left it in the hollow,

"SHE TURNED AWAY HER FACE, AND RESIGNED HER HAND TO ME IN SILENCE."

among the roots, heaping the m[illegible] over it as before; that, in the course of t[illegible] day, he heard the people at the inn talk of the murder, and that his own first impulse was to get out of the town immediately, but that his Master made him too wise for that, and bade him stay; that passing through the streets, he saw me come out of the sash-window door, go to a stable-yard on the other side of the house, mount on horseback and ride away; that he observed the sash-door was left partially open; that he walked by it, and saw the room empty; there was only a dead wall opposite, the place was solitary, unobserved; that his Master directed him to lift up the sash gently, enter the room, and deposit the knife and the casket in a large walnut-tree bureau which stood unlocked near the window. All that followed—his visit to Mr. Vigors, his accusation against myself, his whole tale—was, he said, dictated by his Master, who was highly pleased with him, and promised to bring him safely through. And here he turned round with a hideous smile, as if for approbation of his notable cleverness and respect for his high employ.

Mr. Jeeves had the curiosity to request the keeper to inquire how, in what form, or in what manner, the Fiend appeared to the narrator, or conveyed his infernal dictates. The man at first refused to say; but it was gradually drawn from him that the Demon had no certain and invariable form; sometimes it appeared to him in the form of a rat; sometimes even of a leaf, or a fragment of wood, or a rusty nail; but that his Master's voice always came to him distinct, whatever shape he appeared in; only, he said, with an air of great importance, his Master this time had graciously condescended, ever since he left the asylum, to communicate with him in a much more pleasing and imposing aspect than he had ever done before—in the form of a beautiful youth, or, rather, like a bright rose-colored shadow, in which the features of a young man were visible, and that he had heard the voice more distinctly than usual, though in a milder tone, and seeming to come to him from a great distance.

After these revelations the man became suddenly disturbed. He shook from limb to limb, he seemed convulsed with terror; he cried out that he had betrayed the secret of his Master, who had warned him not to describe his appearance and mode of communication, or he would give his servant up to the tormentors. Then the maniac's terror gave way to fury; his more direful propensity made itself declared; he sprang into the midst of his frightened listeners, seized Mr. Vigors by the throat, and would have strangled him but for the prompt rush of the keeper and his satellites. Foaming at the mouth, and horribly raving, he was then manacled, a strait-waistcoat thrust upon him, and the group so left him in charge of his captors. Inquiries were immediately set on foot as to such circumstantial evidence as might corroborate the details he had so minutely set forth. The purse, recognized as Sir Philip's by the valet of the deceased, was found buried under the wych-elm. A policeman dispatched express to the town in which he declared the knife to have been purchased, brought back word that a cutler in the place remembered perfectly to have sold such a knife to a sea-faring man, and identified the instrument when it was shown to him. From the chink of a door ajar in the wall opposite my sash-window a maid-servant, watching for her sweet-heart (a journeyman carpenter, who habitually passed that way on going home to dine), had, though unobserved by the murderer, seen him come out of my window at a time that corresponded with the dates of his own story, though she had thought nothing of it at the moment. He might be a patient, or have called on business; she did not know that I was from home. The only point of importance not cleared up was that which related to the opening of the casket—the disappearance of the contents; the lock had been unquestionably forced. No one, however, could suppose that some third person had discovered the hiding-place and forced open the casket to abstract its contents and then rebury it. The only probable supposition was, that the man himself had forced it open, and deeming the contents of no value had thrown them away before he had hidden the casket and purse, and, in the chaos of his reason, had forgotten what he had so done. Who could expect that every link in a madman's tale would be found integral and perfect! In short, little importance was attached to this solitary doubt. Crowds accompanied me to my door when I was set free, in open court, stainless—it was a triumphal procession. The popularity I had always previously enjoyed, superseded for a moment by so horrible a charge, came back to me ten-fold, as with the reaction of generous repentance for a momentary doubt. One man shared the public favor—the young man whose acuteness had delivered me from the peril, and cleared the truth from so awful a mystery; but Margrave had escaped from congratulation and compliment; he had gone on a visit to Strahan, at Derval Court.

Alone, at last, in the welcome sanctuary of my own home, what were my thoughts? Prominent among them all was that assertion of the madman, which had made me shudder when repeated to me: he had been guided to the murder and to all the subsequent proceedings by the luminous shadow of the beautiful youth—the Scin-Læca to which I had pledged myself. If Sir Philip Derval could be believed, Margrave was possessed of powers, derived from fragmentary recollections of a knowledge acquired in a former state of being, which would render his remorseless intelligence infinitely dire, and frustrate the endeavors of a reason, unassisted by similar powers, to thwart his designs or bring the law against his crimes. Had he then the arts that could thus influence the minds of others to serve his fell purposes, and achieve securely his own evil ends through agencies that could not be traced home to himself?

But for what conceivable purpose had I been subjected as a victim to influences as much beyond my control as the Fate or Demoniac Necessity of a Greek Myth? In the legends of the classic world some august sufferer is oppressed by Powers more than mortal; but with an ethical if gloomy vindication of his chastisement—he pays the penalty of crime committed by his ancestors or himself, or he has braved, by arrogating equality with the gods, the mysterious calamity that the gods alone can inflict. But I, no descendant of Pelops, no Œdipus boastful of a wisdom which could interpret the enigmas of the Sphinx, while ignorant even of his own birth—what had I done to be singled out from the herd of men for trials and visitations from the Shadowland of ghosts and sorcerers? It would be ludicrously absurd to suppose that Dr. Lloyd's dying imprecation could have had a prophetic effect upon my destiny; to believe that the pretenses of mesmerism were specially favored by Providence, and that to question their assumptions was an offense of profanation to be punished by exposure to preternatural agencies. There was not even that congruity between cause and effect which fable seeks in excuse for its inventions. Of all men living, I, unimaginative disciple of austere science, should be the last to become the sport of that witchcraft which even imagination reluctantly allows to the machinery of poets, and science casts aside into the mouldy lumber-room of obsolete superstition.

Rousing my mind from enigmas impossible to solve, it was with intense and yet with most melancholy satisfaction that I turned to the image of Lilian, rejoicing, thoug[illegible] with a thrill of awe, that the promise so mys[illegible]eriously conveyed to my senses had here too been already fulfilled—Margrave had left the town; Lilian was no longer subjected to his evil fascination. But an instinct told me that that fascination had already produced an effect adverse to all hope of happiness for me. Lilian's love for myself was gone. Impossible otherwise than she—in whose nature I had always admired that generous devotion which is more or less inseparable from the romance of youth—should have never conveyed to me one word of consolation in the hour of my agony and trial: that she who, till the last evening we had met, had ever been so docile in the sweetness of a nature femininely submissive to my slightest wish, should have disregarded my solemn injunction in admitting Margrave to acquaintance, nay, to familiar intimacy; and at the very time when to disobey my injunctions was to imbitter my ordeal, and add her own contempt to the degradation imposed upon my honor! No, her heart must be wholly gone from me; her very nature wholly warped. A union between us had become impossible. My love for her remained unshattered; the more tender, perhaps, for a sentiment of compassion. But my pride was shocked, my heart was wounded. My love was not mean and servile. Enough for me to think that she would be at least saved from Margrave. *Her* life associated with his!—contemplation horrible and ghastly!—from that fate she was saved. Later, she would recover the effect of an influence happily so brief. She might form some new attachment—some new tie. But love once withdrawn is never to be restored—and her love was withdrawn from me. I had but to release her, with my own lips, from our engagement—she would welcome that release. Gloomy but firm in these thoughts and these resolutions I sought Mrs. Ashleigh's house.

CHAPTER XLII.

IT was twilight when I entered, unannounced (as had been my wont in our familiar intercourse), the quiet sitting-room in which I expected to find mother and child. But Lilian was there alone, seated by the open window, her hands crossed and drooping on her knee, her eye fixed upon the darkening summer skies, in which the evening star had just stolen forth, bright and steadfast, near the pale sickle of a half-moon that was dimly visible, but gave as yet no light.

Let any lover imagine the reception he would expect to meet from his betrothed, coming into her presence after he had passed triumphant through a terrible peril to life and fame, and conceive what ice froze my blood, what anguish weighed down my heart, when Lilian, turning toward me, rose not, spoke not—gazed at me heedlessly as if at some indifferent stranger—and—and—but no matter! I can not bear to recall it even now, at the distance of many years! I sat down beside her, and took her hand without pressing it; it rested languidly, passively in mine—one moment; I dropped it then with a bitter sigh.

"Lilian," I said, quietly, "you love me no longer. Is it not so?"

She raised her eyes to mine, looked at me wistfully, and pressed her hand on her forehead, then said, in a strange voice, "Did I ever love you? What do you mean?"

"Lilian, Lilian, rouse yourself; are you not, while you speak, under some spell, some influence which you can not describe nor account for?"

She paused a moment before she answered, calmly, "No! Again I ask what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Do you forget that we are betrothed? Do you forget how often and how recently our vows of affection and constancy have been exchanged?"

"No, I do not forget; but I must have deceived you and myself—"

"It is true, then, that you love me no more?"

"I suppose so."

"But oh! Lilian, is it that y[illegible]r heart is only closed to me? or is it—oh, answer truthfully—is it given to another?—to him—to him—against whom I warned you, whom I implored you not to receive. Tell me at least that your love is not gone to Margrave—"

"To him—love to him! Oh no—no—"

"What, then, is your feeling toward him?"

Lilian's face grew visibly paler—even in that dim light. "I know not," she said, almost in a whisper; "but it is—partly awe—partly—"

"What?"

"Abhorrence!" she said, almost fiercely, and rose to her feet with a wild, defying start.

"If that be so," I said, gently, "you would not grieve were you never again to see him—"

"But I shall see him again," she murmured, in a tone of weary sadness, and sunk back once more into her chair.

"I think not," said I, "and I hope not. And now hear me and heed me, Lilian. It is enough for me, no matter what your feelings toward another, to hear from yourself that the affection you once professed for me is gone. I release you from your troth. If folks ask why we two henceforth separate the lives we had agreed to join, you may say, if you please, that you could not give your hand to a man who had known the taint of a felon's prison, even on a false charge. If that seems to you an ungenerous reason, we will leave it to your mother to find a better. Farewell! For your own sake I can yet feel happiness—happiness to hear that you do not love the man against whom I warn you still more solemnly than before! Will you not give me your hand in parting—and have I not spoken your own wish?"

She turned away her face, and resigned her hand to me in silence. Silently I held it in mine, and my emotions nearly stifled me. One symptom of regret, of reluctance on her part, and I should have fallen at her feet, and cried, "Do not let us break a tie which our vows should have made indissoluble; heed not my offers—wrung from a tortured heart. You can not have ceased to love me!" But no such symptoms of relenting showed itself in her, and with a groan I left the room.

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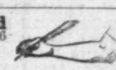

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